

**HYPNOSIS—NEW CURE FOR IMPOTENCE!**

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# HUSH-HUSH

still  
25c

WHAT ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW — Sept.



*Bombshell Scoop:*

**HOW THEY  
TRIED TO KIDNAP  
BRIGITTE BARDOT'S BABY!**

*Revealed:*

**THE HUSHED-UP TRUTH BEHIND  
THOSE FORT LAUDERDALE  
STUDENT RIOTS!**

*Exposed:*

**THE MYSTERY  
BEHIND SONNY LISTON —  
THE MAN FLOYD PATTERSON  
IS AFRAID TO FIGHT!**

*Now It Can Be Told:*

**THE DAY EDDIE FISHER  
WANTED TO  
COMMIT SUICIDE!**

*The Passion Pits Of Manhattan:*

**THE 19 YEAR-OLD CALL GIRL  
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# HUSH-HUSH

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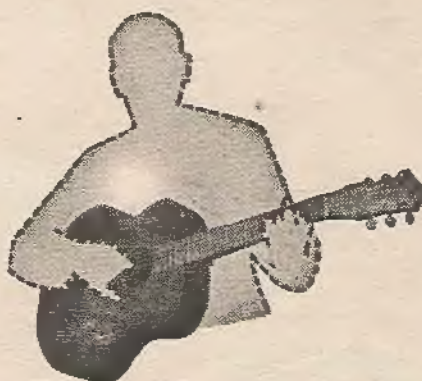


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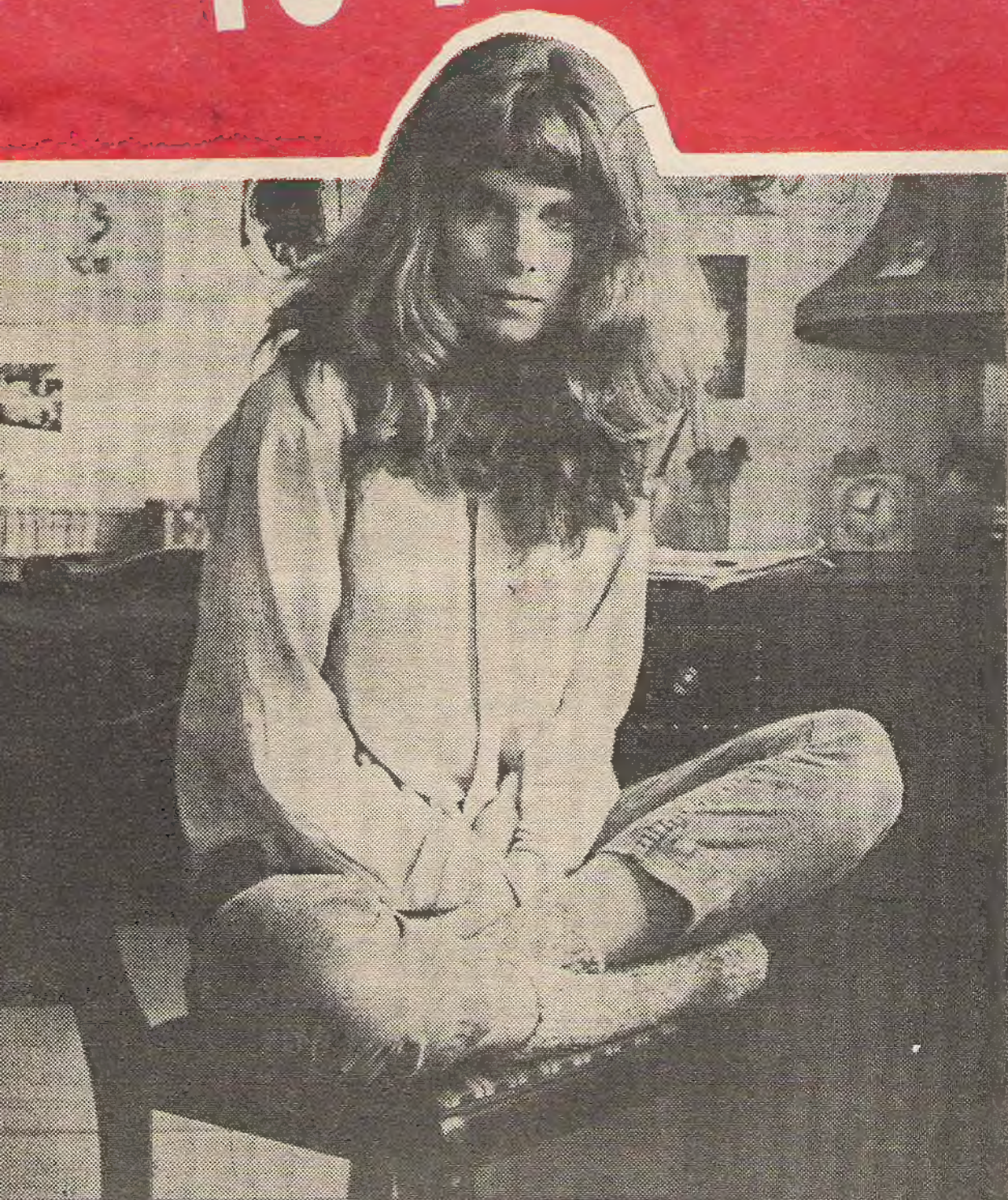
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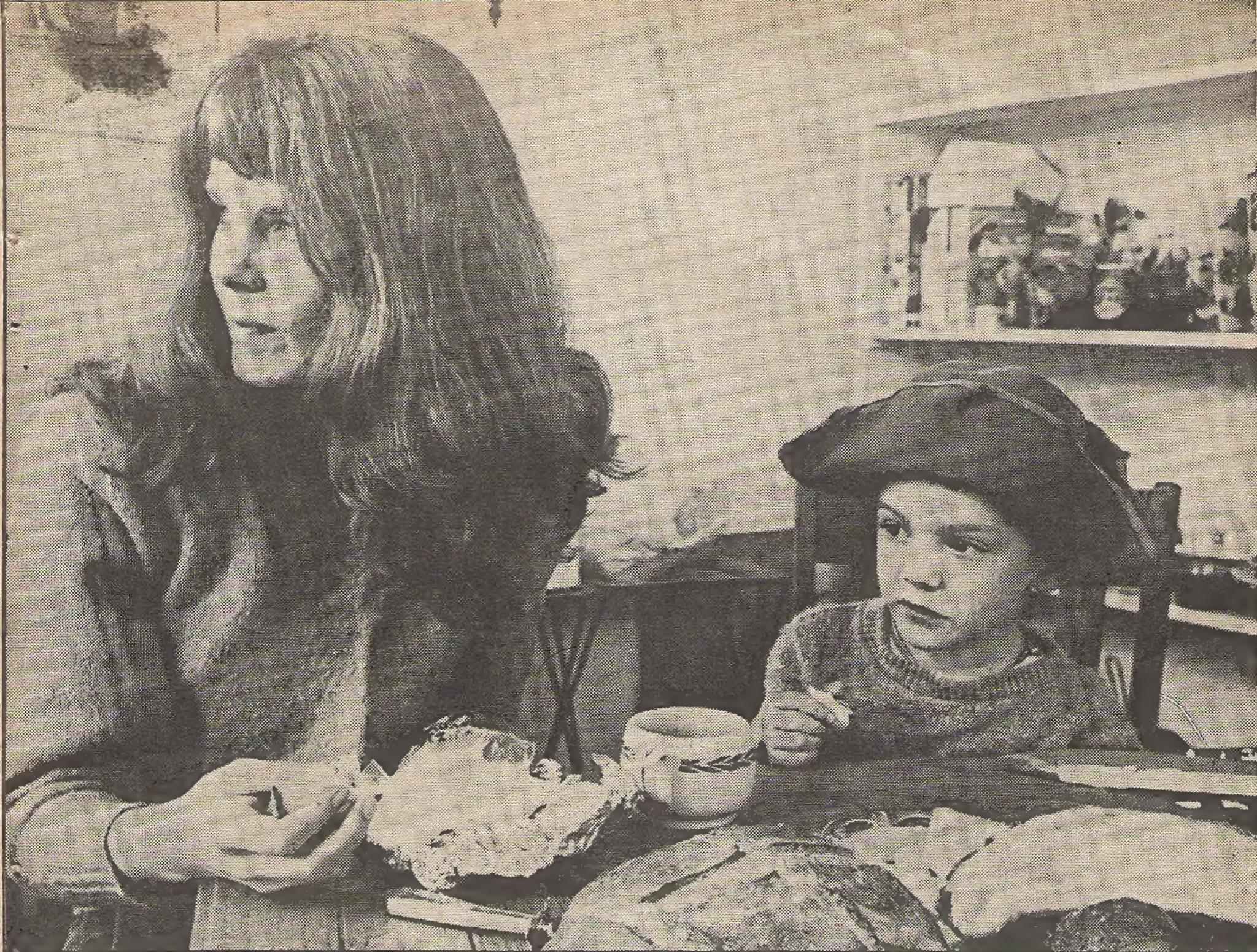
# **WILL THE BEATNIK BABE RETURN TO THE HOLLYWOOD JUNGLE?**



Two years after winning Hollywood Oscar and turning down \$50,000-a-year contract, Diane Varsi sits in her apartment, lacking bathroom, kitchen and phone.

Waitress, apple-picker, companion of senile women, a bride at 15, twice divorced at 19, a star at 20, a beatnik at 21—that's the inside story of Hollywood's strangest outsider. This HUSH-HUSH report tells you what's next for Diane Varsi—and that's something this oddball actress from *Way Out* doesn't usually know herself!





She gave up the make-believe of Tinseltown to devote herself to her son, her studies and poetry. Now, practically penniless, Diane might have to return to the world of illusion and fakery again, to pay for the necessities of everyday reality.

THE YOUNG woman was squatting in her sparsely furnished room, sandwiched between a dentist's office and a broken-down ladies' room, on the second floor of a ramshackle building in San Mateo, California.

A frail barefoot figure in corduroy slacks and a pitch black cardigan, she was unkempt like a Nature Girl.

The visitor found her face bare of all make-up, her fingernails unpolished, her skin greasy with neglect, her ash-blonde hair cascading down on her stooped shoulders, covering most of her forehead.

In her blue eyes, looking at the stranger with a frightened squint, suspicion was mixed with fear.

Acne spotted her cheeks and the bridge of her nose. A dirty band-aid covered a small wound on her right index finger and she was strumming constantly at it as if trying to work off a bad case of nerves.

She squatted on the floor in front of a tiny white table on which stood a silver crucifix, a much-fingered

### BY JACK TREVOR

rosary, a white shell, a plaster angel and a religious book.

Locked in that bare room with this young woman was one of Hollywood's quaintest tragedies and strangest mysteries.

For this fidgety female hermit in her beatnik pad was all that was left of the glamor girl Hollywood had once acclaimed as "the find of the decade" and described as the "new Ingrid Bergman."

She was Diane Varsi — the woman on Hollywood's conscience.

It was only a few years ago when Diane skyrocketed to stardom with a single role, playing Lana Turner's petulant daughter in *Peyton Place*. Her success was no accident or the result of any Hollywood magic. She had all the ingredients of a great star. She stayed at the top with *Ten North Frederic* and eventually *Compulsion*.

Then she quit!

All of a sudden she broke out of a seven-year contract and, with \$10,000 in her purse (all that was left from her earnings) she fled like a failure from Hollywood.

"This town has destroyed my soul," she said, vowing:

"I shall never return!"

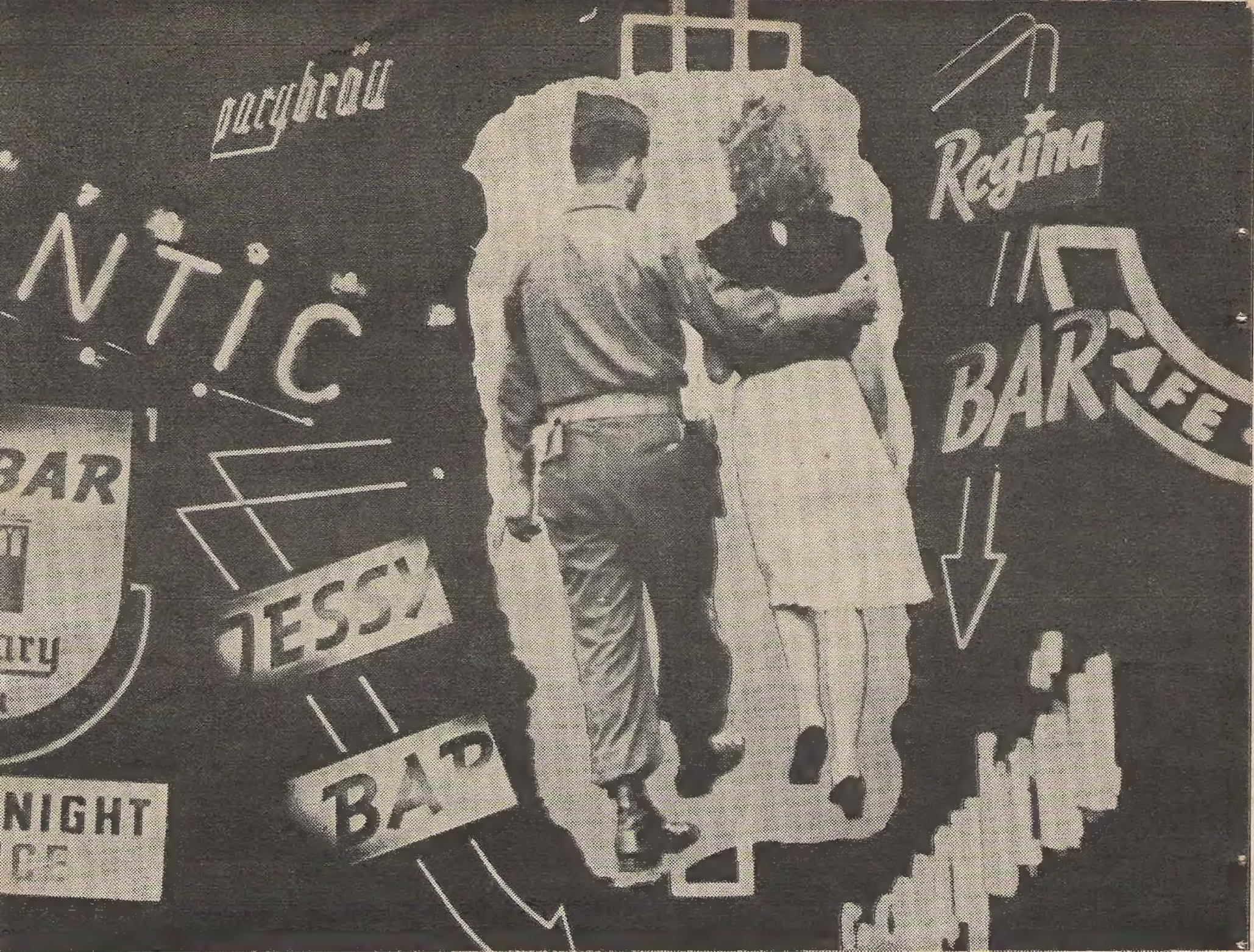
Today, there is hardly a penny left of that \$10,000. Diane, with her four-year-old son, lives rent-free in her grandfather's house in San Mateo. She subsists on bread and carrots and milk, in a barren flat that has no kitchen, no bathroom, no curtains and no telephone.

Her own isolation is well-nigh fool-proof. But Hollywood is still chasing her. There is a \$25,000 prize on her head, you could say — a bonus offered by Jerry Wald, the producer, in return for her return.

"It would be worth every penny of it," Wald says, "for Diane is fresh and original. She doesn't act like

(Continued on Page 39)





*Vice Town, Germany . . .*

**WHERE  
EVERY DAY  
IS Sex Day  
FOR THE GIs!**



"Join The Navy And See The World," the posters say. Join the Army—and you're apt to see the sin-igest city of the Continent, both Sodom and Gomorrah rolled into one little hotbed of vice, called Baumholder, Germany.

There are about 30,000 American soldiers at a nearby NATO base, drawing close to \$3,000,000 each month in pay. And the girls, the sharpies and vice lords from miles around have settled down in Baumholder for the dedicated task of taking the GIs for every cent they have on a sexy sleigh ride that includes every form of vice imaginable. . .

BY JEROME ADAMS

EVERY DAY is S-Day in Baumholder! A stinking little town in West Germany, hidden some 100 miles behind the cosmopolitan hustle of Frankfurt, Baumholder's census lists 5,800 "natives."

Yet it is an "American place" in all but name—the kind of "American place" that went out of style in this country with the closing down of Phoenix City.

It's a town of garish honky-tonks whose neons light up sullen, rustic nights. Screeching juke boxes fill everything with the din of hot jazz and sensuous, sentimental German ditties. Brash babes swagger in the streets, squat on tall stools, fondle the boys at the tables.

The stench of stale beer and dubious booze contaminates the air of smoke-filled rooms where young men and women flop soddenly over dirty tablecloths or drool noisily at untidy bars.

This is S-Day in Baumholder!

It's SEX day, SIN day, SMUT day, SUCKER day—take your choice of any of the sordid and sinister words that go with the letter.

Little Baumholder wallows in sin and sex.

It's a latter-day boomtown of putrid pleasures and alcoholic antics of illicit love . . . of illegitimate children.

It's a town of big brawls, of broken illusions, of crimes of passion. It's Sodom and Old Tombstone rolled into one.

It is "American," so to speak, because stationed in a huge nearby camp is the 8th Army, one of the major components of the NATO forces. This one is made up entirely of men from the States.

The GIs from the NATO camp call it "Mudholder," and not only because it's swampy with muck on rainy days. The mud of Baumholder is everywhere—in its unpaved streets, and al-

(Continued on Page 54)



The babes of Baumholder might not be the best, but for lonely GIs they'll do until something better comes along.



**Revealed! Filmiland's Best Kept Secret:**  
**HOW THEY TRIED**  
**KIDNAP BRIGITTE**

**TO**  
**BARDOT'S**  
**BABY!**



In "Only For Love", BB is slightly more ladylike than in her previous films.

**It happened when she received that heart-stopping letter demanding 30 million francs — or her baby son would be kidnapped. For several weeks the sex symbol of the silver screen engaged in one of the most dramatic episodes of her career — yet not a single camera was turning, and not a single word leaked out to the world! Only HUSH-HUSH was able to dig up the facts about the creeps who finally made BB know what it's like to REALLY feel like a mother.**

**BY JEAN FERAL**

**IT'S BEEN THE best-kept secret on the Continent—until now!**

Not one word has been written or whispered about it.

And that's fantastic because this secret was a sensational, dramatic attempt to kidnap the baby son of



none other than Brigitte Bardot, the fiery French bombshell who uses up men as though she's afraid the world's going to run out of them any day!

The case would have made headlines all over the world, and maybe it will now that you are finally getting the truth.

Because **THIS IS THE FIRST EXCLUSIVE INSIDE REPORT** of an abortive attempt by a kidnap gang to snatch the gurgling son of France's No. 1 sex star!

It is a rare case when such a bombshell event can be kept quiet—particularly when it involves the little tigress who put sex on every tongue and a gleam in every male eye.

The stars of the world have a tough time keeping things secret—but one made it in this case.

But, as so many times in the past, **HUSH-HUSH** is able to reveal the complete, fantastic story in this amazing scoop. Proving once again that **HUSH-HUSH** (and its sister magazine **TOP SECRET**) are the two leading magazines in their field—far ahead of the

competitors in exploding exclusive TNT news.

(Note to our readers: Check and see how many of our competitors will reprint this scoop of ours in the weeks and months to come—as they have snatched up most of our other scoops in the past!)

This one happened a few months ago—in the middle of January, to be exact. The bare-faced, bare-bottomed Brigitte was a bundle of nerves.

And well she might be—wrestling (what else?) her eternal entanglement of directors, producers, press agents, husbands, lovers, ex-lovers and soon-to-be lovers.

The pouting passion-pot's problem is obvious: She has a tough time telling one from another. But with such an endless cast of characters, who wouldn't?

It may look like a snap to you—just lolling around on those rumpled sheets, posing and pouting before a camera and the devouring eyes of a couple of dozen leering stage hands.

(Continued on Page 41)



Roger Vadim (right) is BB's ex-hubby—and he might be her next one.



READING FOR A LIMP WRIST!

**EXPOSED:**

**THOSE PHONEY  
MAGAZINES**

**"BODY BUILDER"  
THAT CATER TO THE  
HOMOSEXUAL PERVERTS!**

BY SIDNEY REED



A NEW TYPE of magazine has crawled out of the sewer and invaded the newsstands.

The rags are seldom put on display in daylight when the normal citizen is on the street.

But in the dead of night, when the sex-sick creepsters begin to prowl, these vest-pocket size periodicals start popping out on the stands like pimples.

From the covers you might think

these midget mags were body-building guides.

But look again — if your stomach can take it.

For these mucking male monthlies cater to no one else but SWISHY-SWASHY HOMOSEXUALS!

Who the hell do these Pansy-Dans think they're fooling?

They may call these dirty, disgusting little rags MANORAMA, MAN-IFIQUE OR FIZEEK. But they could just

as well call them THE QUEERSVILLE QUARTERLY or THE FAGGOT GAZETTE.

Take only a quick look at the contents of these panting, perverted publications. Leaf through a couple of pages.

You would think that a hint of normal sex was worse than catching a social disease!

Of course, there are a few legitimate he-man photos. You'll spot a few guys who look like real he-men, those sweat and strain simpletons who spend hours each day developing their bulging biceps.

(What the hell do they do with all these muscles, anyway?)

BUT THESE MAGIC MUSCLE MEN ARE THE MINORITY BY FAR!

That's the big coverup!

That's the OUTRIGHT LIE!

For these greasy, muscle-ripping he-men are nothing but a front for what these little magazines are all about. The cast of characters stack up like a tooty-fruity after-dinner delight.

The REAL feature of these miserable, murky magazines are coy boys with seductive smirks on their ever-so-sweet and enticing faces.

Oh, they have a certain amount of male equipment, all right—sometimes hidden behind a delicately poised knee or a piece of furniture.

But otherwise they are naked!

Straight nude. Like man, it's raw flesh!

And most of them are neither he-men or the so-called "sporty" type. They are smirking swishes who swivel their hips into the kind of poses you'd expect to find on a pinup calendar!

(Continued on Page 14)

They usually feature a 99% nude, many-muscled man on the cover, with a few similar pictures inside. They are SUPPOSED to encourage 99-pound weaklings into trying to become 299-pound monstrosities. But the majority are nothing more than carefully designed peep-shows, aimed straight at the Pansy Set that is blossoming out at such a shocking rate from coast to coast.

HUSH-HUSH pushes aside the wall of filth to expose the rottenness of these mushrooming magazines — not only because they are so rotten themselves, but also because they help encourage the dangerous multiplication of these sexual freaks throughout the country.



Manhattan, where folk-singers are chased out of the parks, has for years tolerated the most open street corner of homosexuality in the world — where 8th Ave. meets 42nd St.



14 year  
young

**ERNIE  
NIEMI**

appears in 21  
poses

in  
catalog 17

Send  
\$1 to

New York 9, N. Y.

Six Photographic Studies of  
**ALAN KELLY**

These studies are highest quality  
prints, on the finest papers avail-  
able, for the art collections of the  
most discerning collectors, art  
lovers and artists.

Six ... 8 x 10's — \$10

Information on other models is  
enclosed with each order and  
promptly mailed in a plain en-  
velope, First Class.

Send to

NEW YORK 14, N. Y.

These two ads appeared in some of the mags that Hush-Hush exposes in this article. They are typical of the trash that caters to homosexuals under the cover of "Body Building", and which is becoming shockingly commonplace on neighborhood newsstands. These pansy periodicals should be cleaned out — before they dirty up the whole nation!

Except—believe it or not—these are "boys." At least that's what they seem to be—maybe it takes an expert to tell. It also takes one to know one.

The whole thing is not only nauseating. It is down right dangerous!

Because the whole damned fruit cake—no matter how you slice it—caters to the **LOWEST INSTINCTS** of the limp-wrist lads in their steadily-increasing numbers.

#### HOW FAR CAN THIS GO?

How much will decent men and women put up with?

You might expect such drivel to be sold under the counter at some cheap bookstore, or traded around in back alleys.

But today some newsstands are crowded with these sex-sick, sordid publications. They are openly displayed right next to national magazines and sold right out in the open—after dark when the lights go on.

As you read through the amazing captions and the leering come-on ads, you begin to think that **THE FEMALE DOESN'T EXIST.**

#### WOMEN HATERS

In fact, thumbing through dozens of these rags in their current issues turned up exactly **ONE** photo of a woman.

And she was a cowering, curly-haired cutie in a leopard-skin bathing suit **CRAWLING ON ALL FOURS** with a dog collar around her neck and a leash in her mouth—the other end of the leash held by a grinning, muscle monster with oil-smeared chest and rippling thighs.

**THAT IS WHERE WOMEN FIT INTO THIS LUNATIC DEPRAVITY!**

If this isn't the sickest perversion, then read on! You haven't heard anything yet.

Grab hold of a porcelain basin, Jason—because . . .

It's plain to see that a portrait of a busty, leggy lovely would shock the limp-wrist lads right out of their silk panties.

What they want to swoon over are these mincing male models draped coy and cute—bare-bottomed on a rumpled bed.

To them, these naked Nancies are the greatest thing on earth!

Sure enough, there are among these magazines a few—just a few—that are legitimate body-building publications.

But most of them—and there are more each day—are nothing more than brazen promotion for the girlish

(Continued on Page 61)



Times Square, in the heart of New York City, is another meeting market for queer catboys. The theater marquees accurately label the district's sex.





*HUSH-HUSH Unravels...*

# THE MYSTERY BEHIND SONNY LISTON

THE MAN FLOYD PATTERSON  
IS AFRAID TO FIGHT!

SEE NEXT PAGE



Heavyweight boxing has degenerated into a tug-of-war between a mediocre champ and puffed-up second raters. But there's a fighter around, however, who insiders say could put the bang back into boxing if only given a chance. His name is Sonny Liston. Why hasn't this fighter been given a chance? HUSH-HUSH takes you on an eye-opening tour of the shadowy underworld that manipulates fighters—for the "Mob's" profit—and shows why the best damn heavyweight around isn't worth a pizza crust if he can't get into the ring with the Champ.

BY WAYNE BAKER

THERE IS A mystery punch in the making, specially consigned for Floyd Patterson.

It is confidently expected to make a chump out of the champ as soon as it gets launched.

Compared to the power-blow in this masked mitt, Ingo's vaunted mighty right, they say, is but a gentle breeze.

Then what are we waiting for?

Why isn't Patterson exposed to the punch that is expected not merely to uproot the champion, but to give the whole world of boxing a badly needed shake-up?

The trouble is that the celebrated haymaker is concealed in a fist that's considered socially unrespectable, despite its evident pugilistic respectability.

It's the fist of one Charles Liston, a big, dark kid who is strictly from Missouri — from St. Louis, to be precise. He's better known as Sonny Liston to his fast growing legion of fans.

Not even listed on *Ring* magazine's famed "world rating" roster a couple of years ago, Sonny spectacularly moved into No. 3 place on November 19, 1960, among the 10 top contenders for the heavyweight crown.

He was still behind Floyd. He was also behind Zora Folley, Arizona's avenging anvil. But he was already well ahead of Eddie Machen, Britain's hopeful Hank Cooper (now slated to fight Floyd), Roy Harris, the preposterous punk from Cut-and-Shoot, Texas, and the rest of a sorry lot of heavyweight impersonators whose pugilistic talents exist mainly in their handlers' imaginations.

Today Sonny tops the list of all contenders. He's second only to champion Patterson. Many say he would be the real king of the ring if given an opportunity of proving himself where the count really counts.

Listen to the consensus!

Said Rocky Marciano, the Old Blockbuster, who makes no bones about his regard for the present incumbent as something like a cardboard champ:

"Sonny's left jab is like a bludgeon! He's certain to take the title as soon as he's given a chance!"

Astute trainer Teddy Bentham chimed in: "I wouldn't bet on a

grizzly bear against Liston."

A still stronger opinion was voiced by veteran manager Charles Rose. Winking knowingly, Charley averred that the throttle hasn't been opened on Liston. "Wait," he says, "until they really turn him loose," adding wistfully, "if they ever do."

Heavyweight Sonny Liston presents a distinct problem for the entire cauliflower set — for fighters as well as managers, for trainers, promoters and boxing commissions. Even for the press.

Managers do a disappearing act when his name pops up as a prospective opponent for their own laddies.

Sportswriters are hesitant in penning his praise. Boxing commissions — and especially the New York Commission — are fidgeting nervously as they look forward to the day when some decision will have to be made about Sonny's fitness as the top contender.

Promoters and sponsors shudder when they think of possible public reactions to Liston's championship.

Rival heavyweights recoil from his fearsome skill.

It isn't really any fear of his proven talent that is keeping Sonny out of the big contest. As a matter of fact, all true friends of the boxing industry are rooting for him to bring back the good old days with one of those hard-hitting performances that have been conspicuously absent since Rocky's retirement, and especially since Joe Louis's halcyon days.

## "YELLOW MUTTS"

To be blunt about it, boxing never was in worse shape. Its dismal condition compelled even Lou Stillman to sell his celebrated gym, moaning: "We got no fighters left here! We got a lot of yellow mutts, and who cares about them?"

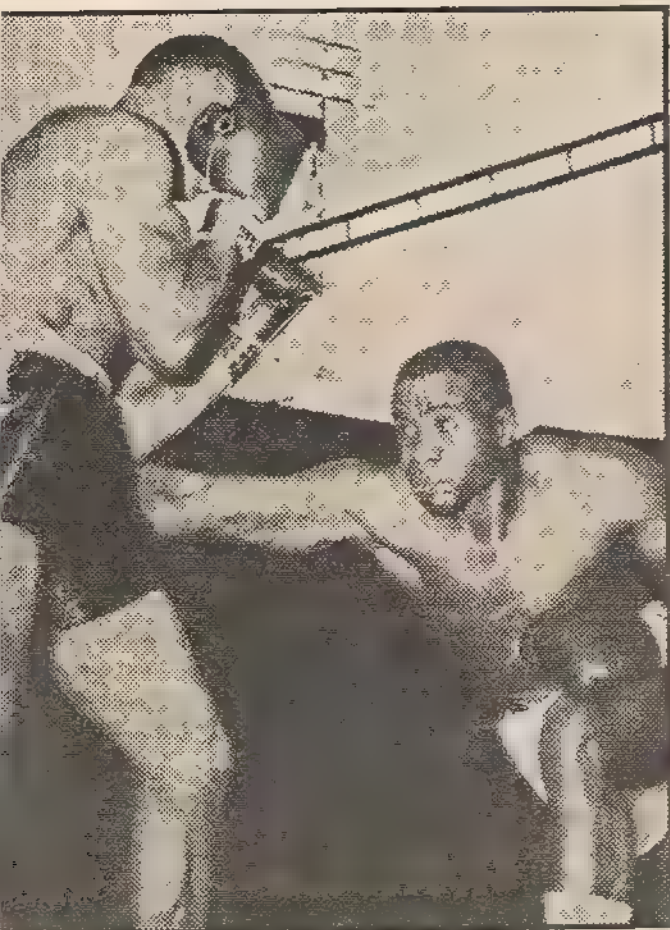
Over this assortment of yellow mutts hovers the specter of Sonny Liston. But the 28-year-old, handsome, recent resident of Philadelphia poses problems, to say the least.

His unpleasant past, as Ted Carroll put it, and his unsavory managerial associations throw up barriers that not even Sonny's golden fists can demolish — not just yet.

"Problem children are nothing new to pugilism," Ted said. "Remember Sam Langford? Or Harry Wills, for that matter?"

"Sam was the victim of the downright refusal of every champion of his era to meet him in the title bout, altho he was clearly the most formidable challenger.

"Wills was blacklisted mainly because he was black. Even that champ-

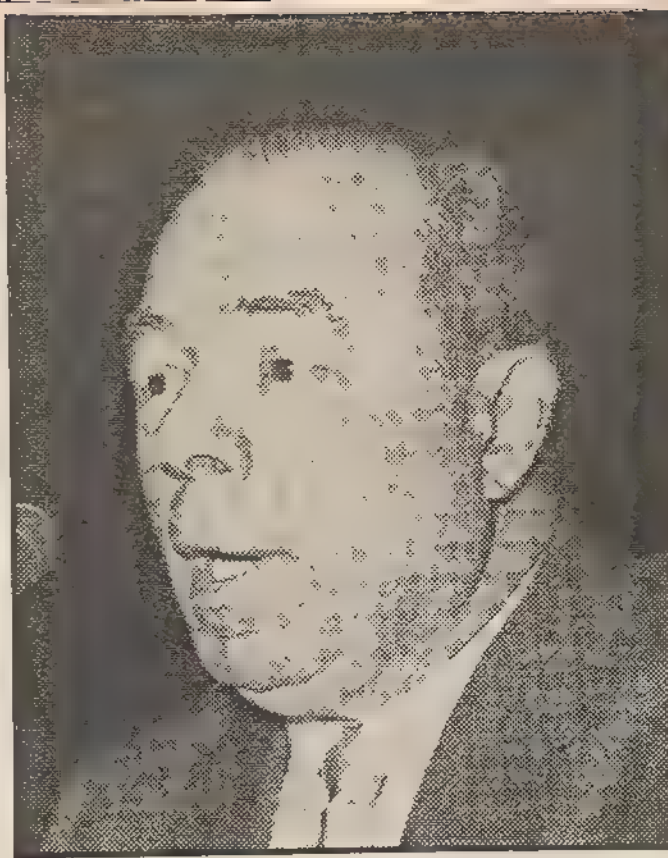


Sonny goes down from force of his own powerful right at Eddie Machen.





Sonny hears Senate testimony indicating that a large share of his earnings goes to crime Syndicate.



Frankie Palermo, one of the top brass of the fight rackets, is believed to be in back of Sonny's manager, "Peppe" Barone.



And behind "Blinky" Palermo you'll always find Frankie Carbo, the Mr. Big of the Mob's interest in boxing.

ion of racial equality, the late Al Smith, was chary about giving Harry his day. While many others, assembled behind Jack Dempsey, did their best to keep the crown on a white head."

Now, it seems, Liston is doomed to become the third member of a trio on boxing's conscience. But there are a number of rather significant differences.

Both Langford and Wills were paragons of virtue. There never was a

whiff of scandal about them. Old Sam was a gentle soul. He was handled by a highly respected manager. As far as Harry Wills was concerned, in all the long history of the ring, no fighter led a more impeccable life than the late "Brown Panther of New Orleans."

The same cannot be said for Sonny Liston.

Of course, he hasn't the racial climate of bygone years to contend

with, as had Wills. But he poses a string of other dilemmas that have to be solved before he can be given a chance to jab at the coveted plum.

Sonny was literally born into adversity. Then, during his formative years, he resolved the temptations of his unwholesome environment mostly by yielding to them.

There were 13 kids in the Liston family at St. Louis, and never enough food to go around. At an early age, Sonny was set adrift to shift for himself. He did the shifting as best as he could, but even his very best wasn't too good.

This child of St. Louis' worst slums inevitably gravitated toward bad companions and, before too long, had to pay the familiar forfeit for his pre-fab fate.

Sonny became the terror of his hometown's cops. Hardly a week passed without young Liston becoming involved in some larcenous pursuits, petty at first, grand in the end.

His antics and escapades merged into a stiff term in the reformatory and eventual confinement in what can charitably be called an "institution."

Liston's sordid background isn't too rare among boxers, in particular — or athletes in general — who have had to face similar childhood conditions with their usual pitfalls. Even Babe Ruth was in real need of rehabilitation. It taxed the efforts of a fine priest at Baltimore's St. Mary Institute to straighten out the Babe before he could be turned into the idol of millions he subsequently (and deservedly) became.

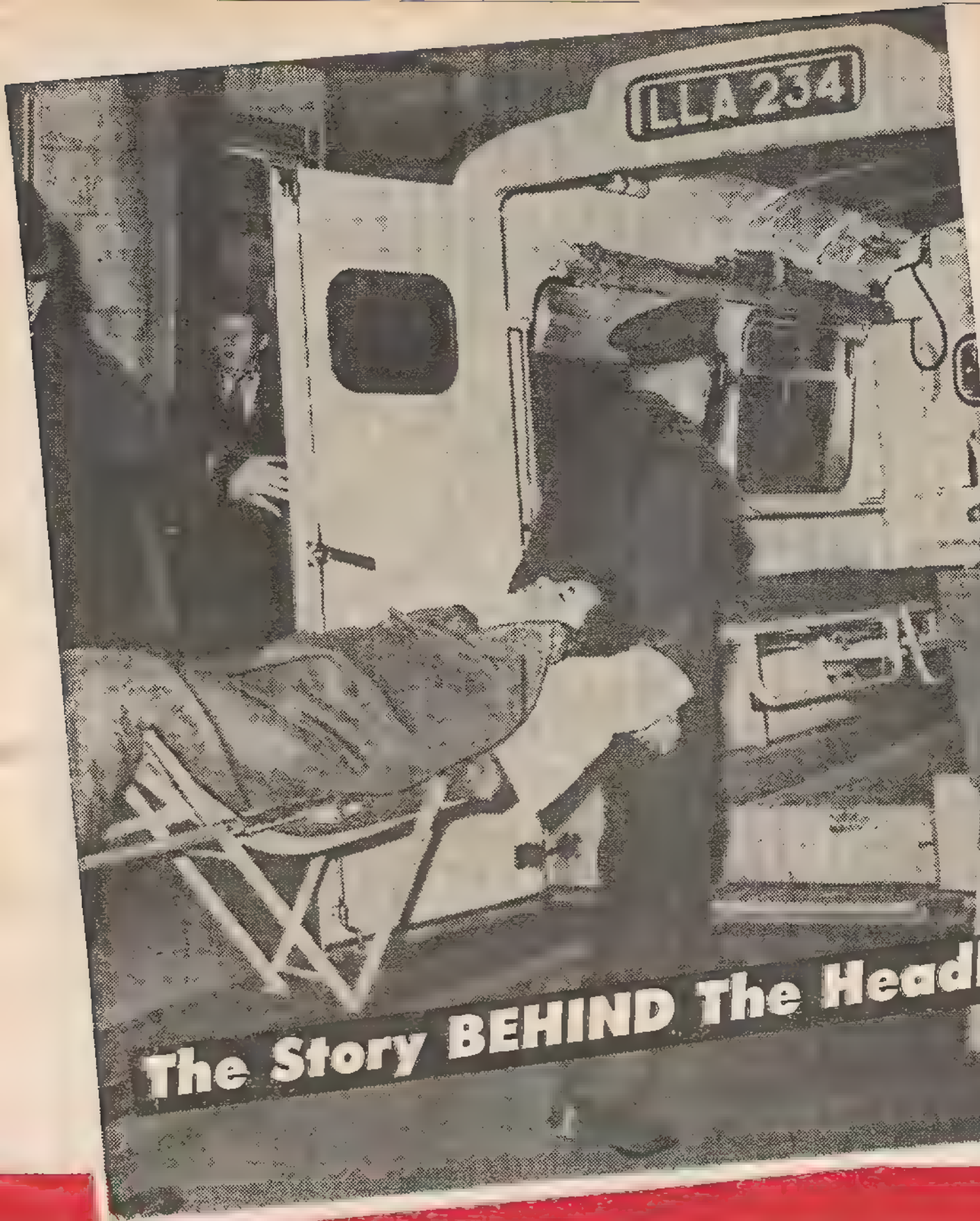
Sonny Liston was similarly fortunate in meeting his selfless samaritan, who did his best to set him straight. He was another Catholic priest, Father Francis X. Stephens,

(Continued on Page 48)

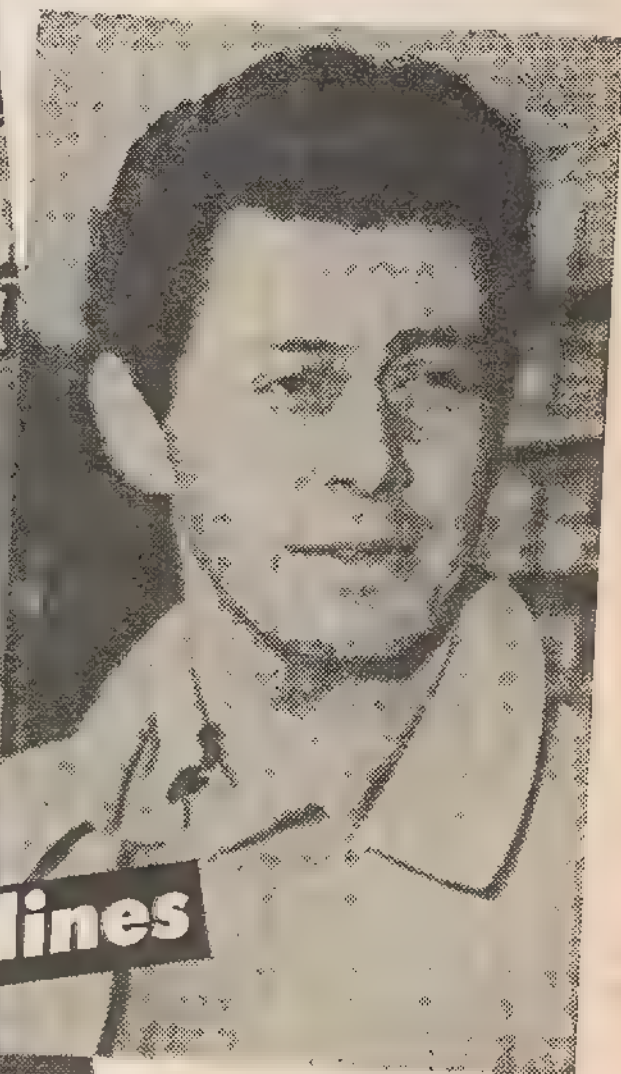


"Blinky" watches with "Big Boy" Sonny Liston as a notary public seals the agreement by which Sonny bought out his manager's interest in himself.





Distraught, Eddie stood helplessly by as they wrapped the critically ill actress in blankets and took her to hospital.



**The Story BEHIND The Headlines**

# THE DAY EDDIE FISHER ALMOST COMMITTED SUICIDE!





Constantly at her bedside, Eddie looks over some of the mail that poured in from his wife's many admirers.

#### BY KIRK MILES

MILLIONS OF WORDS have been written about luscious Liz Taylor's terrifying flirtation with death.

The frightening news about the near-fatal illness of Hollywood's dark-haired sex goddess was blasted all over the world in blazing headlines.

The papers ran photos of the pain-racked beauty on a stretcher — the famous hills and valleys of her much-publicized body shrouded in a cheap grey ambulance blanket.

Reporters painted a horribly vivid portrait of her bosomy, tortured gasps for breath, the parched, petulant lips parted, but unspeaking — a portrait printed in a hundred languages, for all to see.

But there was another — unpublished — rendezvous with the Grim Reaper.

And now that, happily the full-blown bundle of velvet voluptuousness has made her miraculous recovery, **THE HITHERTO SUPPRESSED AND MOST SENSATIONAL INSIDE STORY** about those tragic days in the London Clinic can be told!

The raven-haired beauty's fight with death rocked the world with screaming headlines. But **NOT A WORD WAS SAID** about her singer-actor husband, who was undergoing the most agonizing moments of his life behind closed doors. Now **HUSH-HUSH** lifts the veil of secrecy to reveal exactly what happened on that **DREADED DAY** when worshipping Eddie came within a few scant breaths of having beautiful Liz lose her life — and his, too!

Let's go back to the fateful, fear-ridden Monday of March 6. For two seemingly endless days the stricken beauty had been dallying with death. Now the doctors were facing the dazed kid who had tried to fill Mike

Todd's shoes (among other things), and they gave him the devastating news:

**"SHE HAS LESS THAN AN HOUR TO LIVE."**

The baby-faced crooner had been



Still weak from her near-fatal illness, Liz is helped to her seat by Bob Hope and Burt Lancaster after winning an Oscar for the first time in her long career.





curls lay limp and tangled, tied back with a piece of green.

An electronic repulsant was locked on a hole located in a hole the two had found there, to give her the air she could not seize herself.

A doctor passed his chilling words:



The woman's face was pale, her eyes were closed, and her hands were clasped in front of her. She appeared to be in a state of unconsciousness or death. The background was a simple, light-colored wall.

lying sleepless on a cot beside the once like form of his lovely Lin. The cream-colored room had been stripped of flowers, on doctors' orders, for fear the pollen might hamper her painful gasps for air.

On Saturday, the courageous girl had begun to rally against the sinister pneumonia.

"It's a miracle," bubbled the boyish baritone. "A miracle."

But now — only two days later — another desperate struggle was raging inside the ravaged body of lusty Lin. Another had set in. In mean 724 of London's most luxurious hos-

pital, seven doctors huddled over the magnificent body craning against the icy confines of a silver oxygen gown.

The tempestuous Lin lay motionless, strapped about with the cold, impersonal tubes and apparatus of modern medicine.

Blood was being forced into the waxen skin of one rounded forearm. Nourishment flowed into a puncture in one breast, delivered inside.

The smoldering violet eyes that had danced and charmed were glazed and staring. Her natural flesh was gone. The luxurious mane of golden blond

scraped against one full breast and lay dead. He shook his head.

Behind him, cowering helplessly in the background, a trembling, pathetic figure was, gasped as if struck, and ran blindly to the door.

Eddie, the second-string saloon soprano who moves in the shadow behind his gorgeous wife's spotlight, stood in the doorway, dazed, unseeing and cried:

"SHE DOESN'T BREATHE! SHE IS DYING!"

His eyes were like those of a caged animal. His mouth lay slack down (Continued on Page 16)



**Medical Bombshell...**  
**For Those Who Fizzle**  
**When They Should Sizzle!**

# **Hypnosis —**

## **THE NEW MIRACLE**

### **CURE FOR**

#### **IMPOTENCE!**

At least 50% of the American males, and 80% of the females, suffer from impotence or frigidity during what should be the best years of their lives. Today doctors know that in 9 out of 10 such cases, the trouble is not due to illness or aging — but to psychological barriers. And hypnotism is proving amazingly effective in clearing out these road-blocks on the delightful road to love!

**BY WILLIAM F. WHITEHEAD**

**YOUNG** Mr. X was a total loss as far as the ladies were concerned — what you might call a Sad Sack of Sex.

But he was a dud who badly wanted to become a dad. He was madly in love with his boyhood sweetheart

and would have long since married her, except for this one impediment. Embarrassed by the evident deficiency of his sexual prowess, and fearing the worst on his wedding night, he abandoned all thoughts of wedding bells and gave up his belle.

So what happened in the end?

Today Mr. X is happily married, to the woman he loved. He is the

proud father of three towheaded boys. He's performing in the marriage bed with the skill and fervor of Casanova.

Such miracles don't just happen. They are made.

Obviously something was done to turn X's frustrating impotence into gushing vim and vigor.

Mr. X was wise enough not to take his apparent sexual inadequacy for granted. He sought professional help. After consulting a number of medics who could do nothing to remedy the situation, he was referred to a prominent New York psychologist named Milton Kline.

Dr. Kline specializes in the repair of sexual insufficiencies.

His tool is hypnosis!

The brilliant psychologist subjected the distressed young man, wandering aimlessly in his barren wasteland, to a psychological third degree. And during the first interview under hypnosis, it already became evident that Mr. X dreaded sex because of a certain experience during his college days.

It seemed he had become involved  
(Continued on Page 58)



MEMO TO  
EDMUND PURDOM'S  
ESTRANGED WIFE:



Stop

THOSE FAIRY TALES  
ABOUT YOUR  
"ROMANCE"  
WITH JFK!



The shocking blonde set Continental reporters on their heels with her eyebrow-raising tale of a "romantic interlude" with the former Senator from Massachusetts. But it didn't take long to find that the self-styled artist was merely doing a smear job with her over-sexed, off-colored oils!



When Purdom cut that cake with Alicia Darr in 1957, he didn't know what a stew he would soon be in.

BY JAY COLLINS

AN ATTRACTIVE actress-painter, little-known except to the Cafe Society set that jets between Palm Beach, the Riviera, Rome's Via Veneto and Manhattan's El Morocco, has been raising eye-brows on the Continent with tales about her alleged "romantic interlude" with President Kennedy when he was still "the Senator from Massachusetts".

Alicia Darr is the blonde name-dropper's name, and she's the

estranged wife of movie actor Edmund Purdom. For years, Jet Setters have wondered which was worse — Alicia's acting or her painting. Now they know that NEITHER has ever produced anything as cheap and vicious as was created by just her little old overheated imagination when she had the nerve to give interviews all over Europe about her alleged former "engagement" to JFK.

Needless to say, the whole thing was a smelly publicity gimmick — the most fanciful smear job that the self-styled painter ever splashed together on her life-size canvas.

"It was a long engagement", boasted the starry-eyed Miss Darr, making Picasso look like a piker in the art of purposeful distortion.

How this pampered paintress ever managed to convince Continental news hounds to buy her outright phony story is one question insiders have been unable to answer.

Nor has anyone, until now, dared to expose the ego-loaded extrovert for exactly what she is:

A publicity-hungry phony who has tried to make headlines by dragging the ex-Senator down into the mud she likes to muck around in.

Purdom is innocent of any part in the sordid mess. He's been trying to get rid of angling Alicia for some time.

The playful Purdom has been kicking up his heels in greener pastures and he wants to make their marriage scene one that's strictly out of Splitsville.

But the brazen blonde is hanging on for love or money. And since the loving — with Purdom — ran out a long time ago, the divorce is strictly a cash-and-carry proposition with Alicia.

You'd think Alicia would have

enough on her mercenary mind to keep her busy without spreading lies about her alleged "romance" with JFK.

Her poor painting is rivaled only by her poor taste.

At the very same moment she was panting about her "romance" with

(Continued on Page 45)



Alicia talks to a reporter in Rome. She claims that she and JFK had a "romantic interlude" which was the basis for her story about the President of the U.S.



Police from six communities were called in to help quiet the college students who rioted over the closing of their sandy lovers' lane.



to make this money-hungry community put an end to its yearly Bacchanal for Boys!

We refer, of course, to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. The little Gold Coast city of sun, sand and sex, where those student riots took place a few months back.

You heard all about it, of course. Everybody did. How some 8,000 college cut-ups, from all parts of our lovely land, ganged up on Lauderdale cops during the Easter vacation season and almost turned the town into a shambles.

At least, you THOUGHT you heard all about it. How the educated asses pelted cops with empty beer bottles.

Like real wild, man. But what you DIDN'T hear was a hundred times worse!

Like real rape, man!

That's what we said—RAPE!

In not a single one of the barrage of reports that came out of Fort Lauderdale during those student shenanigans last spring was there a single word about the REALLY DISGRACEFUL things that went on. And what you read about them here in HUSH-HUSH, you are reading for the first time anywhere.

HERE IS THE TRUTH THAT WAS SUPPRESSED!

Sure, they told of how the kids ganged up on the cops because they'd closed the unlighted beaches ("romance beaches" the kids called them) to the public after dark. (Where the hell's a guy gonna take a babe,

What The Newspapers Didn't Dare Print:

# FORT LAUDERDALE

BY GARRETT HARLOWE

Each April college kids from all over the land head for Fort Lauderdale, Florida—which has become a sort of finishing school . . . for sex. You read about the riots, the dancing in the streets and the crowded beaches, and the papers made it look like just clean fun by healthy kids letting off steam. What you DIDN'T READ about were the wild orgies on the beaches at night . . . or about the 13 and 14-year-old girls from good families who were forcibly raped one night during the "good, clean fun" . . .

AT LONG LAST, after 16 dynamite-packed years of coming closer and closer each time, the lid finally blew off one of the most disgraceful "vacation spots" in the United States—a whole town whose biggest business comes from cleaning up on the yen for booze and broads by TEENAGE KIDS!

The lid ALMOST blew off, we should say. Big as the explosion was this year, it was just a pop in the bucket compared to what it will be next year—or perhaps the year after—if something isn't done in a hurry

How they laid down in the middle of U.S. Highway A1A, refusing to let traffic pass. How they overturned one car and damaged another—a police car—with Fourth of July bombs. And how it took more than 350 cops, firemen, members of the Florida Highway Patrol, and officers from neighboring counties, with nightsticks, high pressure hoses and blaring loudspeakers—plus threats of tear gas—to put the punks in their place.

Oh, it was a miserable mess, all right. But through all the reports there was, nonetheless, a sustained note of tolerance, even humor.

"Just clean, fun-loving kids, letting off a little steam, y'know!"

"Boys will be boys!" and all that sort of thing.

This theme song pervaded the reports for one simple reason. The Fort Lauderdale folks wanted it to. Not only did they want the all-too-apparent riots glossed over—but there were other, not-so-public goings-on that they didn't want mentioned at all.

Yes, indeed, what you heard about the Fort Lauderdale bust-ups this year was quite sensational.



Old Judge Raymond Dummer tells this batch of urban class juvenile delinquents that they are free to enjoy Fort Lauderdale's sunbathers again.





Wild orgies of rape, with, in some cases, many of the drunken, sex-crazed students raping the same girl, one after another!

Rape of the worst, the most life-scarring kind. Because the girls raped by the "clean-cut young men" in their bestial passions on the dark Fort Lauderdale beaches were GOOD girls.

They weren't college girls who, like the college boys, were in Fort Lauderdale because they were expecting—

spring in this "quiet little Florida town."

Some 16 summers ago Fort Lauderdale was just a speck in the eye of motorists rolling along Route A1A between Miami and Palm Beach. With a population of about 17,000 souls, it was so dull a place that cars seldom stopped there at all, unless they were out of gas or Dad had to "wash his hands" at the comfort station.

Today Fort Lauderdale is one of the most thriving resort towns in the



These pictures were taken by a reporter who was in Fort Lauderdale during the summer of 1940. They show the same scene as the pictures on the opposite page, but from a different angle.

man—what with the motels packed 10 to a room, and even the park benches crowded with kids who didn't have anyplace to go?)

### NAUGHTY NAUGHTY!

They even told of an 18-year-old chick, from up Pittsburg way, who'd been pinched (figuratively speaking, of course—you know what gentlemen those Florida cops are) and fined five bucks for "open profanity". (She'd had a few choice words, it seems, for the lawmen who packed her loud-mouthed boyfriend off to the pokey.)

Yet nowhere—but nowhere—did you see one word about RAPE.

Rape of not just one girl—but at least 10!

many of them at least—and would have been very disappointed if they didn't get a red hot time on the sizzling sands.

Such girls deserved whatever they got—because they got what they were asking for. And most of them got plenty.

But the girls who were raped were not sex-seeking college co-eds. They were the decent daughters of decent people who had come to Fort Lauderdale for a decent vacation. For the sun, the sand, the swimming—the normal tourist pastimes.

And every one of these girls who were grabbed and violated by some of the "fun-loving" college youths were UNDER 16 YEARS OLD!

Fantastic? Maybe so. But that's the true Fort Lauderdale story. That's the sort of thing that happens every

area. In fact, many of the dally-for-dough dolls who are rolling their own in Miami Beach these days got their START in Fort Lauderdale.

And many of them are ex-college co-eds who just forgot to go home when their vacations were over.

Fort Lauderdale began being a binge town back in the late '40s. Around that time it was a sort of fad with college kids to head for sunny Florida for their Easter holidays. Most headed for Miami. But, finding Fort Lauderdale in their path, and just a few miles from Miami, many stayed there instead. Mainly because, in those days, prices were somewhat lower in Lauderdale than Miami—a situation that has been long-since rectified by the alert Lauderdaleians, needless to say.

### RESTLESS ROMEOs

Soon word got around the nation's  
(Continued on Page 31)



Larceny On The Line

# THE NEW "LONG DISTANCE" PHONE

## Swindle



While TV pitchmen have been pressuring suckers into having a phone in every damn room of the house, this electronics whiz has merely wanted to get his Wonder Box into every bookie joint in the land. It's a ring-a-ding gadget that takes the sting out of long distance calls — a gadget that phone experts still can't figure out. When they beg him to Tell and Tell how it works, all the man says is, "Sorry, we are not permitted to give out that information!"

BY HAL CLEMENT

THERE'S THIS GREAT little gimmick — a mystery box.

Imagine that you have the thing hanging hooked up to the old squaw-box invented by Don Ameche.

It's just a small 6 by 8 inch gadget that doesn't look very impressive, but . . .

ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOUR LONG DISTANCE CALLS ARE FREE — AS LONG AS THEY COME COLLECT!

It's "collect," all right. But the phone company doesn't do the collecting.

In other words — the guy who  
(Continued on Page 41)

This is Walter Shaw, inventor of the magic box that made the phone company feel hung up. Shaw now receives all his calls in a Miami jail.







## Sex From A Broad

The mink-coated cutie with the British accent seemed out of place compared to the usual run-of-the-mill floozies charged with "loitering for purposes of prostitution".

- ★ ★ It was the dizziest off-beat act that was ever staged in the passion pits of Gotham.
- ★ ★ First, there was an old duffer who had a bigger passion for antique beds than for a hot young hussy in one.
- ★ ★ Second, there was his tempting teenage wife, who had something for the boys—at a price.
- ★ ★ Third, there was the aging boy wonder of British TV, who was going to make the girl a star—at from \$30 to \$100 per sex packed performance.
- ★ ★ Then there was the cop who caught the doll's act at one of her undress rehearsals — and rang the curtain down on that bouncy bundle from Britain—but fast!



When arrested, Maria claimed she was 22. Later she changed it to 19—thus saving herself from a nasty old jail sentence.

# THE LONDON CALL GIRL WHO TRIED TO MAKE A FAST \$100,000 IN MANHATTAN!

BY MALCOLM MORGAN

THE NIGHT WAS YOUNG and still a-sizzle with sin-filling possibilities. It was 11 p.m. in Manhattan, the prowling hour for passionate play-for-pay dolls and their lustful pay-for-play mates.

A luscious, leggy blonde—buzoom-

ing out of a sequined gown—ankled across the floor of a Sixth Avenue bar. Her un-underwared undulations were followed by a pack of hungry eyes. But the busty broad had HER eye on a likely-looking prospect in the telephone booth.

The saucy sextress sidled right up to the squawk-box and turned around

a couple of times, to give the bug-eyed bucko a quick look at her ample assets.

The big brute grew hot under his hat and promptly dialed two wrong numbers. Sure, he was out for a night on the town. But this particular John was not about to be led astray by a free lance filly.

He already had a VERY HOT NUMBER in mind!

He dialed again and this time he made his connection. Only the voice that answered was cool and not particularly promising. It had to be an answering service, of course.

What else would you expect, Buster? This little chick wasn't exactly a

homebody.

"May I speak to Maria Novotny?" he said.

"Miss Novotny isn't in," the cool cookie cooed. "But she is expected back soon. If you'll leave your number, I'll have her call."

The hulking husky didn't have long to wait. Five minutes and a couple of

sips into a boilermaker later, the phone rang.

This time the voice was anything but cool—and the tongue was veddy, veddy British.

"This is Maria," came the wire-sizzling whisper.

"Hello there," gasped the love-hungry big boy, practically crawling right





Maria Novotny, being escorted to a New York jail by a vice squad detective (above), was known as Mariella Caper when (right) she was married to antique dealer Horace Dibben a year earlier in London. Dibben, old enough to be her grandfather, was there to put up bail when cops caught up with Maria's capers.

into the mouthpiece. "Say, I'm a friend of Phil's and he's told me ALL about you. What say we get together for a drink?"

"It's rawther late," the Cockney cutie teased. "And I'm awfully busy BUT . . . All right. I think I can squeeze you in. Let's say between 11:30 and midnight."

Decked out in a derby and looking every bit the Dapper Dan— all 6'4" and 240 pound of him—the eager beaver wasted no time rounding the corner of 55th Street and heading for number 140.

The name on the door said "Towers."

And—sure enough—the exotic tomato who flung open the door was a tower of tantalizing temptation.

In fact, in certain areas, she seemed to be building towers of her own. And it looked like scaling the peaks would be no trick at all.

But the hoity-toity temptress didn't even smile. Closing the door behind him, she pursed her poutiful scarlet lips, tossed her golden mane and without further fanny-fare bluntly informed the gent.

"The price is \$30."

The John must have looked doubtful, because before he could pull out his bankroll the torso-twisting teaser

had swivel-hipped right out of her party dress!

She had a body that made \$30 a bargain just for the un-cover charge!

#### TORRID TAKEOFF

The rambunctious broad stood there, a cloud of filmy underwear caressing her ankles, and for a moment it looked like the curtain-raiser on a real jazzy evening.

But then it happened.

LIKE A BLITZ!

Instead of reaching for the bustiful British "exchange student," and in-

dulging in a half-hour of heavenly homework, the eager John pulled out a badge and put the snatch on one of the most promising "career" girls in the V-Doll Hall of Infamy.

What the hell was this?

This was a plain old-fashioned raid!

Not a John, baby. But JOHN LAW!

And the luscious lend-lease lovely who thought she was in for a roll in the hay was being PINCHED—but in quite another way.

All in all, it was a bitter moment—guaranteed to break a frustrated flat-



foot's spirit. All that fancy flesh and nothing to do but . . .

The dutiful dick, plainclothesman Thomas Flood, threw open the door of the plush pad and hailed two colleagues who'd been covering the caper at the key hole.

This was a custom-styled cutie, all right—cool as they come. While the cops stood around — twiddling their thumbs, of course — the statuesque blonde draped a gown around her hustling hips, slipped into a \$3,000 mink coat and tucked her hair into





Harry Towers, whose wife was Maria's publisher, was picked up along with the band. Maria, 17, was arrested by the U.S. and escaped to Europe.



#### a towering fur hat

You would have thought the ram-bunctious British broad was going to a coronation instead of heading for the pokey.

Naturally, the dicks made a grand tour of the luxury sin suite, and from the back room flushed out a rather embarrassed gent who reluctantly identified himself as one Harry Alan Towers.

Towers, a pudgy-faced, chinless man of 40, sputtered indignantly that he was a British TV producer and writer. The way he told it Towers was practically the Mike Todd of the Buckingham Palace set.

The man, who looked more like a slightly wacky thump than anything else, kept trying to pass off the evening's happenings as a comedy of errors.

Maria, the detestable buncha from Blackpool, was a model and would-be actress, he said. Her strip was all part of the act.

At the age of 17, Maria was posing as London's "Spaghetti Queen." That was before the spicy dish turned to a less tasteful occupation.

"Mr. Towers brought me here to go on the stage," Maria prompted from the wings.

Maria, of course, was her own best press agent.

Even the weary lawmen could see the haughty, high-priced handout wasn't just any ordinary vixen of easy virtue.

Cops brush up against some brassy broads in the line of duty, but this haughty hucker was one of the classiest broads-for-cash they'd ever submitted to a third degree.

The cops may have enjoyed the audition. But they didn't buy the script.

Towers was booked for putting on

a bad show by maintaining a disorderly house and importing women for immoral purposes. Maria was charged with lording for purposes of prostitution.

Down at the jailhouse—in the spotlight, at last—Maria just wouldn't stop taking curtain calls. She insisted on listing all her credits.

The Irish Kelly said she had been thrilling audiences—stag, of course—one at a time, three times a day at \$30 to \$100 a performance.

The Cops got quite a charge out of Maria. Who wouldn't?

Her roommate, the doll-faced Towers, was fascinating, too. He came to  
(Continued on Page 42)



**A Red-Hot HUSH-HUSH Exclusive:**

# **BEVERLY AADLAND'S SHOCKING CONFESSION — IN HER OWN WORDS!!**



Here for the **FIRST TIME** is the **DOCUMENTED** complaint of Errol Flynn's Lolita! Now it can be told, with the teenage sexpot, herself, spelling it out: How the old rake (to quote her) "knowingly, intentionally, wilfully, harmfully, offensively, shamefully, wrongfully, recklessly, maliciously, unlawfully, illegally, torturously and with immoral intent and purpose ... led her along the by-ways of immorality, accustomed her to a frenzied life of wild parties, subjected her to immoral debauchery and sex orgies. . ."

**BY OLIVER REYNOLDS**

THE FRIGHTFUL last secret of Errol Flynn's personal tragedy was not buried with the man!

It survives in the files of New York Supreme Court, in one of the strangest documents ever to reach a judge's bench.

It is an eyewitness report!

It spells out in awesome detail the climactic debauchery of Flynn's sin-studded life, the raucous rake's final fling.

It is the story of the wayward girl who shared with Flynn those last months of perversion and ecstasy.

It is the personal confession of Beverly Aadland, the teen-age strumpet to whom Flynn left nothing except this legacy of irreparable notoriety.

HUSH-HUSH had access to that document which was left to gather dust on a musty shelf.

In possession of a photostatic copy of those sensational papers, it is now possible to relate here in breathtaking detail a sordid episode in Flynn's life that was never before cleared up in full and was, indeed, obscured after his death.

When Flynn died so suddenly on October 14, 1959, the fantastic "facts" of his hectic love affair with his child-mistress were blown up in big type on the front pages of the tabloids. Yet despite the gallons of printer's ink wasted on the spicy melodrama, the real magnitude of his debauchery came out merely in broad hints and smutty innuendos, in sly comments and half-true revelations.

The little girl in the big drama was caught on the hook.

She did not know how to behave in the clinch.



They say Beverly is making money as a night club singer either because of her voice or the publicity from Flynn. They also say it's not her voice.



It is a \$5,000,000 story, so to speak. For the facts came out in a desperate last effort to shake down the Flynn estate to the tune of that astronomical sum.

A black and white photograph of a young woman with dark, wavy hair, sitting in a chair. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. She is holding a small, dark object in her hands, which are positioned in front of her chest. She is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved top. The background is a textured, mottled grey.

Whatever Flynn left, and nobody really knows the exact size of his estate, is temporarily administered by his long-suffering, much-jilted wife, Patricia Wymore Flynn, and two attorneys, Louis Grossman and Justin M. Golenback.

## SHE WANTS A CUT

Several attempts were made by people representing Beverly to obtain

**Beverly Aadland** calls a spade a spade. As president of the American Society of Professional Journalists, she has no qualms about saying what she thinks. And she's got plenty to say about the future of journalism.





Pat Wymore, Errol's legitimate widow, has the money Beverly's trying to get.

a cut from the estate. After all, it was claimed, she was far closer to Flynn in his last years than a Pat Wymore, and certainly closer than Messrs. Grossman and Golenback.

There were threats and intimidations, and hints of reprisals, unless a settlement was made. But the temporary administrators of the estate stood fast. They weren't willing to part with a red penny in general, or to pay any balm to Beverly in particular.

Last summer, when Miss Aadland was in New York hoping to negotiate deals for a "come-back" in show business, she acquainted a bit more unscheduled notoriety with her antics. She also acquired something that sounds more respectable: What the law calls a General Guardian.

This guardian angel came in the person of an elderly New York attorney named Howard F. Trussel.

The question was no longer whether Beverly had a legitimate stake in the Flynn estate. The question now became how to construct a case that would help her to a share.

It was then decided to turn the table on the late Errol Flynn by exhuming his monumental sins.

Lawyer Trussel had to start from a disadvantageous point of departure. In bygone days, Beverly would have had a quasi-legitimate case, for there were laws on the statute books that took a rather dim view of a 50-year-old man's carnal interest in a 15-year-old lassie.

In addition to the purely criminal aspects of such cases (statutory rape and all that jazz) there was the possibility of suing for damages by claiming breach of promise or outright seduction.

However, the law was so much abused that the State of New York widely decided to eliminate it from the statutes. In view of that elimination, lawyer Trussel could not very well claim damages under a law that was now null and void.

So he decided to juggle the words of sin, and create a law all by itself under which he could attack the Flynn estate with reasonable hope of biting into it.

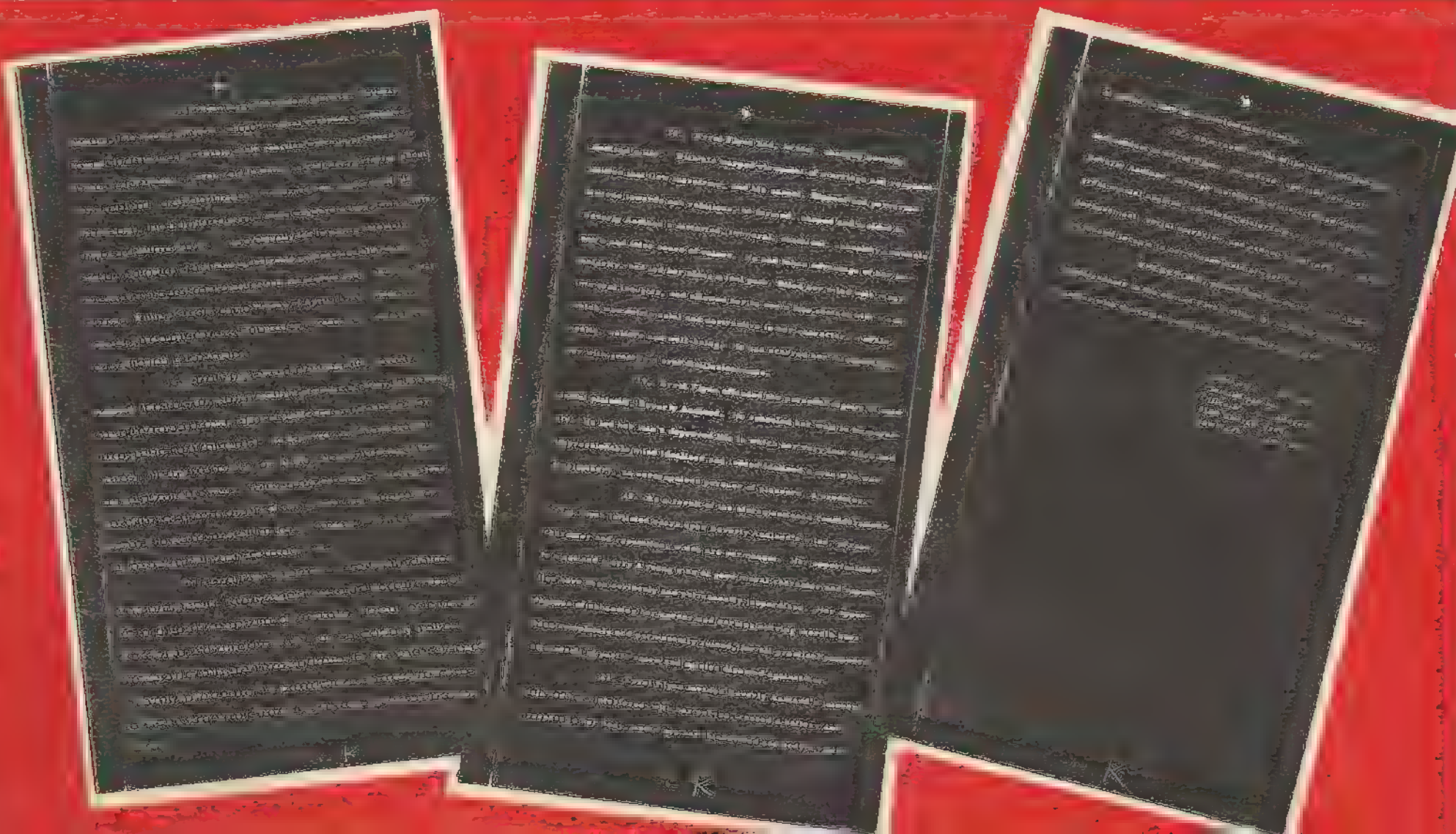
Trussel thus tried to make out a case for Beverly by exposing in gruesome detail the debauchery to which Flynn had subjected her, a hapless and helpless minor, and to ask the familiar balm for the virtue of which Errol had so wantonly deprived her.

Now, this could not be just hinted at or skirted or handled with kid gloves (or even asbestos mittens). It had to be attacked frontally, leaving nothing—absolutely nothing—to the judge's imagination.

This decision on the part of Howard F. Trussel, Esq., gave birth to that incendiary document on file at New York's Supreme Court—the brief directed to the Hon. Samuel H. Hofstadter, the hapless justice thus called upon to compensate Beverly for her misspent youth.

In preparing his brief, lawyer Trussel pictured Errol Flynn as a hedonistic monster who debauched blonde Beverly and scarred her with a misshapen and battered soul. Flynn had ruined her life, Trussel wrote in his literary masterpiece, and intentionally led her along the byways of immorality, "accustomed her to a frenzied life of wild parties, subjected her to debauchery and sex orgies, taught her to react with wanton disregard for conventions and the feelings of other

(Continued on Page 43)





The Wages Of Sin Are—An Oscar!

# HOW SHIRLEY JONES PROVED THAT BAD GIRLS COME IN FIRST!





**She always played the "good" girl, and nobody could remember what she looked like 30 minutes after the movie was over. So Shirley took off her gingham dress and put on something else—SEX. The girl who sang so sweet and looked so pure in "Oklahoma" became luscious rather than just lovely, and her aura of virginity vanished into the air—when she so realistically portrayed a brothel inmate in a slip and with lots of bosom showing in "Elmer Gantry".**

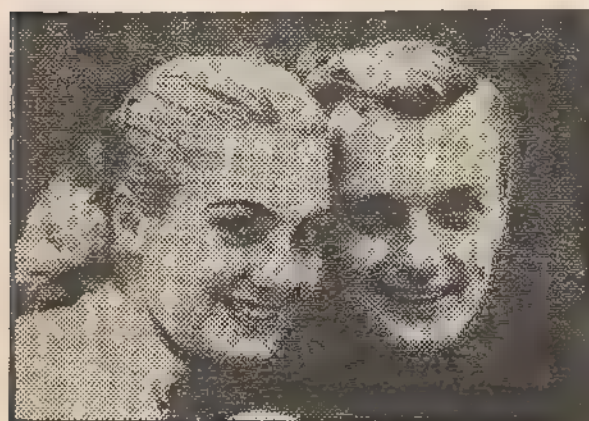


**Shirley Jones is good, she found her niche as an actress when she played a hot little thing in "Elmer Gantry".**

## BY MURRAY COLES

ONCE UPON A TIME, Shirley Jones, with pig-tailed hair and pink cheeks, played the All-American girl from Smithtown, Pa., who sang "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" in the film, "Oklahoma."

Today the same sexy sweetbun — is the proud owner of an Oscar for a best supporting role. She won it for her part as a play-for-pay babe in "Elmer Gantry." Which proves once again that in order to succeed in the movies — to become a big star — a "good" girl has to play a bad broad. It's a repeat of the old story that



**Shirley and husband Jack Cassidy are expecting their second baby this fall.**

"nice guys (and gals) finish last."

In "Elmer Gantry," the Jones girl for the first time pouted, primped and panted through the role of a flashy floozie, a reel prostitute. And so well did she play a pay-doll, she made it pay-off with an Oscar.

Saucy Shirley told this reporter about her shift in gears — and careers — from goody-goody roles to play-in-the-hay portrayals.

"There's a bit of bad in every good girl," the sextress said, "and the public just loves to discover it."

The peaches-and-cream heroine of "Oklahoma," who switched to those ultra sexy roles as easily as she fills her duds with some eye-popping statistics, is, by the way, not the only film filly to win an Oscar by turning to the world's oldest profession. On camera, of course.

Even Liz Taylor finally won an Oscar, getting it for her role as a delicious dollar-daisy who spread good cheer around New York in "Butterfield 8."

And the day before the Oscars were given to the film floozies, a pair of steaming stage stars got "Tony" awards (Broadway's equivalent of the Oscar) for their dally-for-dough roles in stage plays.

(Continued on Page 46)



**Lovely Shirley Jones won the Oscar she was hot for in "Elmer Gantry".**



## EDDIE FISHER REVELATION

(Continued from Page 20)



the silent corridors. Friends who waited for news of Liz's desperate battle were horrified.

Before their pitying eyes, a nurse took the microphone mangler by the arm and led him to an adjoining room.

For days the weary warbler had fought to hide from the grim reality. He had hovered about in no man's land, on the brink of desperation, not eating, not sleeping, trying desperately not to think.

As Liz's strength ebbed, he hoarded his for the taxing moment when the shell that had been a bombshell lapsed into consciousness, her luscious full-blown lips beneath the oxygen tent mouthing the pitiful question:

"Am I going to die?"

Then it took every ounce of baby-faced guile for Eddie to smile and hide the hideous possibility.

Now Eddie-boy paced the floor before the watchful eyes of the nurse and prayed. In the hushed chamber next door lay the magnificent body he had known and worshipped. The one for which he had forsaken all others (including ex-wife Debbie and two offspring).

The pasty-faced crooner's brow was shiny with sweat, his eyes glassy, his cheeks and chin grizzled with a week-end's growth of beard.

At that moment, the doctors released their grave misgivings to the press and to the world. The torrid Liz was DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE END!

His fears confirmed, Eddie stood up and calmly said:

"IF LIZ DIES. I'LL KILL MYSELF!"

The nurse grabbed his arm, and pushed him gently back to his chair.

Then she called in some of his friends and warned them of the sallow singer's desperate vow.

Now it was right out in the open — something these same friends had feared all along.

Eddie was not to be left alone — not for a minute. If Liz should die, they knew full well he was prepared to follow.

The curly-haired crooner had dedi-

cated his whole existence to trailing in the wake of the irresistible Liz — running her errands, smoothing the stones in her path, satisfying her every whim.

Tending to a temperamental star can be a full-time job. There are the hairdressers, the fashion houses, the contracts, the bills, the lawsuits, the tantrums, the passions.

Without her, Eddie's life would be empty. Here was a man READY FOR THE UTMOST DESPERATE MOVE.

Needless to say, his pals never left the frantic Fisher alone for a moment after his wild outburst.

They went fishing in his pockets, hunting for pills he might try to swallow. Every possible precaution was taken to head off any grief-driving efforts he might make to take his own life.

Then the medical miracle occurred.

Gallant, gorgeous Liz pulled herself back from the cold clammy caress of death. Life crept back into her lithe limbs.

Her bosom rose and fell in a steadily stronger rhythm. She was hot on the recovery trail. Eddie's desperate fears faded faster than a gambler's bank roll.

Paler and thinner — but luscious as ever — Liz came home to Hollywood cuddled in a wheelchair. The radiant film queen was trailed as always by her faithful pup of a husband.

Only one flaw marred that otherwise breathtaking bundle of beauty — a ghastly scar, 2 inches long and a quarter of an inch wide, right where her kissable neck joins the delicate collarbone.

With the fire and passion of the old Liz, she described the details of the disfiguring incision that saved her life. "Doctors put an English penny (about the size of a half dollar) over the hole. So when I wanted to talk, I just pressed on the penny to close the air space.

"I guess I'll just have to wear high-necked diamond chokers to cover the scar," she said with a wicked smile and a wink at her ever-loving Eddie.

And that's how she faced them

Oscar night in Santa Monica — head high, eyes brimming, scar-concealed, wasp-waist and every curve revealed in a tantalizing gown.

Eddie watched with adoring cocker spaniel eyes as she clutched another man to her bosom — Oscar — and he wasn't the least bit jealous.

Hollywood was whispering, of course. It wouldn't be Hollywood if the green-eyed goddess, Jealousy, wasn't always hovering in the wings.

It was ironic that Oscar had found his way into Liz's hot little clutches — on her fourth nomination — for "Butterfield 8", a lousy film which the prettily prudish Liz didn't want to do at all.

She had taken one look at the script — a bedtime story if there ever was one, the lurid tale of a love-hungry tramp — and she tossed it right back in the producer's face.

She walked out on MGM, her bee-stung lips in a pout, saying the picture was "too dirty." She wanted it completely rewritten. What could mere men do? The script WAS rewritten as the Queen Bee demanded.

"I still think it stinks," said the lusty brunette bombshell. And she refused to slink around before the camera unless her Method-less actor husband got a juicy part in the flick, too.

"Actor" Eddie got a part — his first and, so far, his last.

Strangely enough Liz wasn't the least bit prissy about "Suddenly Last Summer," a smoldering peepshow of lust, violence, cannibalism and perversion. And "puritanical" Liz managed to make her undulating way through the homosexual swamp of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" without an outraged whimper.

If anything, Liz as the frustrated "Maggy-Cat" really deserved the Oscar. But then it was Hollywood that was pouting like an outraged virgin.

The press had painted Liz as a scarlet woman for luring the innocent Eddie away from the clutches of his wife, Debbie. Hollywood, where the sheets are hotter than those in a highway motel, cast Liz in the role of "heavy." They wouldn't have let her get the Oscar if she had found one for sale in a hock shop.

Even when she finally did receive the long-overdue award — and despite the highly emotional drama of her nearly fainting from weakness as she went to the stand to pick it up — someone watching it all on TV in a Manhattan bar said bluntly:

"She should certainly have thanked FATE and THOSE LONDON DOCTORS in her acceptance speech. Without them she never would have won!"

How low and dirty can you get?





## BEATNIK BABE'S RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD

(LARRY L. RAY)

anyone else or think like anyone else. That's what comes across the screen."

There is a contract waiting for Diane in one of Wald's top drawers, guaranteeing her \$50,000 a year and holding out all the familiar promises of glory. But Diane sullenly says:

"I'm low on funds and I may have to go to work soon, but I want only enough money to be free of money. Do you understand? A quart of milk costs 24 cents, a loaf of bread costs 31 cents. I need that money but I have no need for more."

Then she added, in her cool and tight, crisp voice, as an after-thought: "It isn't that I don't like Hollywood. It's just that I don't want to act any more. And that is final."

It was the epitaph of an actress, with shades of *Sunset Boulevard* over Diane Varsi — at the age of 23 — at the height of her career.

### OFF-BEAT

Used to all sorts of eccentricities, some phony, some real, and to its own assortment of off-beat types, even Hollywood cannot make out Diane, or offer a satisfactory explanation for her conduct.

"She's a screwball," is how they dismiss her at movieland parties whenever her name crops up, and they make her the butt of bad jokes. But even the cynics shudder as they think of her. Deep down in their dehydrated Hollywood souls somehow they feel her strange grudge is a stigma on the "set-up" — the heat of her mute wrath is searing them.

"Good riddance" was what Joan Crawford had in mind when she pinpointed Diane as genuine star-material but blasted her for her way of life, for her bare feet and blue jeans.

"If you're untidy in dress," the queen mother of Hollywood said, "you're untidy in performance. Glamor was what has made this town and I think one of the greatest ingredients of glamor is neatness."

Gary Cooper, her co-star in *Ten North Frederick*, said:

"The trouble with Diane is that she folds herself up in a world of her own, retreats from getting to

know people and refuses to let others tell her what to do. She's a goof-ball!"

They have all sorts of theories and explanations for her weird behavior, and Diane isn't entirely unwilling to join the big debate.

"I wish I knew," she recently said, "why I give every one the impression that I am an odd-ball. To a cat, a dog is a mean and vicious enemy. Yet to his master, the same dog is a kind, gentle and faithful companion. I've been told it's wrong to speak my mind and do the thing I want to do no matter how much I shock people."

"They say I'm a screwball," she continued her soliloquy, "but I do not feel like a screwball and do not think I am a screwball!"

Why, then, do people regard her as one?

"Because I am one of the few truly genuine persons in a bogus world. I don't try to bluff myself out of my troubles. I do not conceal my own confusion and the troubles I am experiencing, just trying to grow up. In my heart I know that I will never reach true adulthood."

There you are, left adrift. Diane isn't much help in trying to clear up the great Varsi mystery.

And yet, if you dig deep enough and consider Diane Varsi, not as a Hollywood extravaganza, but as a case history in all its symptoms, you can arrive at a diagnosis. It will explain much if not everything, even if it fails to suggest either treatment or cure.

### THE COLLAPSE

The trouble with most futile diagnosis was that they considered Miss Varsi in her most superficial role — the one that was merely superimposed upon her — that of a Hollywood star with the lures and allures of a half-baked diva.

As a matter of fact, she was once acutely sized up by someone who is very much in the same lifeboat himself, drifting aimlessly and fretfully between sanity and insanity.

This was how it came about.

During the filming of *Ten North Frederick*, Diane Varsi had stretched herself too far, until she collapsed on the set. Her studio said it was "exhaustion." But that was sugar-coating it with the customary Hollywood subterfuge.

In reality, Diane had her first real bout with at least a touch of insanity. She became incapable of coping any longer with the demands of her environment. Her inner urges, doubts and frustrations developed into overwhelming anxieties and complexes.

It was not rest she needed to put her back on her feet — it was treatment by a competent psychiatrist. So they took her to Mount Sinai Hospital and left her on the third floor — the psychiatric ward.

There she met the man with the diagnosis — Oscar Levant.

Oscar himself was a patient on the third floor, trying as desperately as did Diane to stay alive while drifting toward a macabre solution. While her doctors offered all sorts of fancy explanations for Diane's plight, it needed a "fellow nut," as Levant put it, to produce the best explanation.

Said Oscar in the mystic terms of his own unbalanced world:

"I don't think there is anything really wrong with Diane. She is the normal abnormal!"

There, then, was the key to Diane Varsi, the definitive diagnosis in aseptic clinical language.

What Levant really had in mind was this:

Diane is normal within her own world, but abnormal in the world about her. Since she is constitutionally apart from the norm, even in Hollywood's warped sense of the word, she does not belong, no matter how she might try, except to her own little orbit.

Diane Varsi is really a very smart young woman for she is doing exactly what is best for her — the only thing she can do.

She turned her back on Hollywood and ran away from all its cheap glitter and costly glamor, because she knew better than all the doctors and kibitzers that if she had stayed it would have killed her.

She had no illusions on this score! She wasn't living in a fool's paradise! She did as she pleased in her normal abnormal way.

"It's pretty obvious what kind of a girl I am," she said in a sort of self-analysis. "I don't go to parties, I don't wear make-up or fancy clothes. I don't have dates because there's nobody I really like."

"Somebody told me I have the behavior-characteristics of a possum —



whatever they are! People in a room often talk about me as if I were not there. Let them do as they please. This is my life and I am responsible for myself only to myself.

"I am not going to cheat with my life, or compromise, even for the movies. They either take me as I am, or I leave!"

It was, therefore, a supreme and superb act of self-defense — a proof positive of her superior sanity within her own world — that made her go. And now she refuses to return to the fold because she knows that she would commit suicide — figuratively at first, and maybe literally in the end — if she went back.

Thus caught and cornered, her career is at a dead end.

If ever the star is revived in her with some fancy artificial respiration, the woman she is will be dead.

Diane is inclined to place the blame for her plight on Hollywood. In actual fact, it was not Hollywood that "destroyed" her and turned her into what she is today.

## BORN TO TROUBLE!

Her two-and-a-half years of stardom represented the "abnormal" period in her life. The rest was "normal" in her own way, within her own closed world. When, without much trying and at the first throw, she reached the pinnacle of success, Diane was already spoiled for stardom in Hollywood. By then, she was already so far gone down on the psychiatric primrose path that Hollywood couldn't do much to aggravate the situation.

She was actually born to trouble!

She was born angry, grew up angry, and, chances are, she will remain angry as long as she lives.

And maybe she has every right and reason in the world to be angry.

She herself supplied the definitive clues to her fantastic personality in the most unlikely place for such a self-searching confession — in her answers to the routine questionnaire of her studio's publicity department. To the question, "What is your favorite childhood memory?" she answered bluntly: "None!"

And when she was asked, "What was your greatest disappointment?" she replied with overdrawn pathos: "Myself."

Diane herself is willing to supply only the barest outline of her biography. But by now enough is known of her life to enable one to reconstruct her miserable childhood. It was primarily responsible for all the torment she had to endure during her adolescence, young womanhood and brief period of stardom.

Diane Varsi was born on February 23, 1938, in San Francisco, one of the two daughters of Russell Varsi, a florist of Italian stock, and his wife Beatrice, of French descent.

There never was any monetary worry in the Varsi household — nothing to explain why, today, she surrounds herself with the deceptive aura of the barefoot girl. If anything, there was too much money — a 16-room house and servants. But the money the Varsis had could not buy either the affection or the happiness Diane and her sister Gail craved.

For all practical purposes, she had absentee parents. They did not have either the feeling or need, or even the time, to care for her.

Her father, who changed from flowers to construction and prospered by the change, was rarely at home. Her mother was an invalid, confined to bed at home when she was not hospitalized.

Already, at that tender age, her personality was showing. Sister Emilia at the Academy now recalls Diane as a "beautiful child" but also one who was "highly opinionated."

Later she was sent to another convent, Notre Dame in Belmont, California, and there she blossomed out as a regular "odd-ball." She was branded a rebel by her teachers. She would cut classes as she pleased. She would turn in blank examination papers. In the end, she left the convent, having failed in ALL her studies.

Her rebellion continued in high school. During her junior year, when she was 15 years old, she was married. Today she calls that marriage an "episode" and says she no longer remembers her first husband's name. A year later the marriage was annulled.

By then she was a perennial stranger among strangers — a pretty little misfit — incapable of making friends. When she had no other place to go, she tried home again, for the last time in her life.

## RUNNING AWAY AGAIN

"I went home for awhile," she recalls, "and for two weeks worked in a candle factory putting wax around the wicks. Then one morning I decided I just had to leave home. I went to a friend's house and asked her if she wanted to go for a walk with me on the condition that we might not return. The walk, begun in San Mateo, ended up four hundred and fifty miles away in Los Angeles."

She had 50 dollars but split it with her friend. She spent the nights on the beaches, sleeping al fresco, and

spent her days walking and talking to people on the street.

In November, 1956, she was married again. This time to a young Hollywood agent named James Dickson. It was Dickson who paved her way to a movie career. He sent her to director Mark Robson, then casting *Peyton Place*, and she made a hit with him. Spyros Skouras, head of the studio, vetoed her employment. "What do you see in that thin little stick of wood?" Skouras asked Robson. But the director prevailed over the big boss, mainly because he had an ally at the studio — producer Jerry Wald.

Robson and Wald did everything they could to cater to Diane's whims, not for any humanitarian reasons, for there are no philanthropists in Hollywood, but because they recognized in her the fuse that could make the box office light up like a Christmas tree.

Hollywood was willing to take Diane as she was. But Diane could not take Hollywood.

It was a matter of life or death.

She made her escape in the eleventh hour! She was in an awful hurry to go. Dressed in the black of mourning, wearing flat-heeled shoes, she hurried through the gate at International Airport in Los Angeles, to the plane that was to take her to a place in Vermont she had picked at random, merely because it was so far.

So far from what?

From the jungle that's coaxing and cajoling and beckoning her to return. Will she return? And what is in store for Diane Varsi?

It's the great Garbo story all over again, only that the startling denouement — the big switch in the plot — here occurred after the first act. Diane Varsi knows that there can be no second act. The curtain is down on Diane's career as a Hollywood star.

It isn't as simple as that, to be sure. Even if a woman subsists on bread and carrots, she still has to eat. A quart of milk, a loaf of bread, a bunch of carrots cost money.

Work — any work — baffles Diane. She never lasted at any of her jobs. She isn't made for this world.

Today she is living in another world, scaffolded for her in religion and mysticism.

She feels safe and comfortable in that world — her own world — a world of dreams and faith.

But don't be surprised if she returns to acting in an offbeat house, working for a pittance, just enough to buy a meal in a cafeteria for her little son, and a container of milk.

But it will be a passing show.

"This is not a moment's journey



that I am on," she recently said when discussing her future. "It is a continuous journey.

"There are intentions that are infinite."

Hollywood continues to treat her as a real-life person, a living woman, temporarily off her rocker. Yet in



## THEY TRIED TO KIDNAP BB's BABY!

Continued from Page 111

But for the torrid and temperamental pussy cat, filming her latest flick, "La Bride Sur Le Cou"—"Only for Love"—is actually work.

That particular night in January, the sizzling siren was just about steamed out as she returned to her home at 1 Rue Paul-Doumer in Paris. The berry-lipped BB's plush suite sprawls across the whole seventh-floor of that modern apartment building.

But this evening—with her assets dragging—Brigitte made right for her lush boudoir and collapsed on the bed (as if she hadn't been in that favorite position most of the day already).

That's when the pony-tailed package of petulance got the shock of her life!

### BAD NEWS

The luscious lovely had closed her eyes for a moment. When she opened them and looked up, standing there was her private secretary—a new one, female this time, since the bountiful Brigitte is mighty bitter about what she calls the betrayal of her previous personal aide, Alain Carre.

Carre, her devoted secretary, had seen the often-plucked daisy through a chain of cuddly capers and passionate affairs. The bouncy babe had trusted him implicitly with ALL HER SECRETS (and who knows what else?—the kind of dictation a boss like Brigitte can give was never the usual kind of dictation).

When Carre sold out—telling all to the newspapers—pulling even the towel sarong off the few secrets of Brigitte's private lives, she was shattered.

It was one of a series of ghastly blows that led the bruised and battered broad to her recent suicide try.

a mundane sense Diane is dead, even though she is still around—to read her own obituaries.

Editor's Note: As we go to press we learn that San Mateo juvenile authorities are looking into Diane Varsi, and may take over custody of her kid . . .

Now the bushed Brigitte's new secretary was looking pretty worried. At first she refused to tell her bouncy boss what it was all about.

But finally she came out with the devastating truth. That day A STRANGE LETTER HAD COME IN BRIGITTE'S MAIL!

A cinema sinstress gets some mighty weird mail. Among the thousands of fan letters there are always a handful of crank notes—letters from people asking for a handout or a date, not to mention the obscene scrawls penned with a sex-sick sneer by creatures who crawl out from under a slimy rock.

But this letter was different.

Brigitte looked at it and grew white.

The letter was scrawled in block letters on cheap paper, riddled with misspellings. It was anonymous. To the bottomy beauty, it screamed of potential danger.

The letter reminded the bustiful Brigitte what had happened last year to the Peugeot car tycoon's son—who had been snatched and held for a royal ransom.

In the bluntest terms it said the writer of the sickening scrawl KNEW EXACTLY WHERE TO FIND Brigitte's bouncing baby boy, Nicholas.

It warned her not to tell a word to the cops—but to see to it that 30 million francs were stuffed in an envelope and left under the Arc de Triumpe at a certain specified hour.

Otherwise the boy would be kidnapped or—what shocked Mama Brigitte more—some dreadful harm would come to him: he would be killed.

The letter might have been just another nut note. Some stars might have tossed it in the trash can at once. Not

so Mlle. Bardot. She reacted just like a mother.

It was quite a change of pace for the bawdy-naughty Brigitte. She has never shown more than a fleeting interest in her baby since he was born, January 11, 1960, in her duplex bedroom with a lusty wail that set off a barrage of world headlines. "I prefer not to be reminded that I'm a mother," she has said.

But now she became terrified. Her face went white with fear. The bosom that usually heaves with passion heaved in terror. Her mouth trembled but she was unable to speak. The sassy, saucy siren became a shaking helpless child.

### FATHER KNOWS BEST

She reached for a phone and called her father, Louis Bardot. She was ready to get together the parcel of money the anonymous letter-writer had demanded. Thirty million francs was nothing compared to the life of her child. She sobbed the whole story out over the phone, convinced it would be folly not to pay up.

But father Bardot had other ideas. He immediately called police and spilled the whole sordid story into the laps of the Paris cops. He swore them to absolute secrecy.

A super-secret investigation began at once.

And, what is most amazing of all, in Paris—where sensational news, no matter how secret, explodes into the open in no time—NO ONE KNEW! Not even the eager beaver newspaper people, who will hang upside down by their heels to get an exclusive peep at a film star on her wedding night.

The only news that got out was simply that for the next week or so the bold and brassy BB didn't show up at the studio. Work on "Only for Love" petered out.

Not that an absentee Brigitte was anything new. It has happened many times in the past—when all play and not enough work made Brigitte a bad and bawdy girl.

But in this case, the reasons were never revealed!

From the moment the sex kitten's father stepped into the affair, things started to happen fast.

First plainclothesmen and private dicks kept a 24-hour watch on the sextress' son.

The sleuths even went so far as to have a dummy baby paraded about in the streets in Nicholas' buggy to fool the kidnappers, while Nicholas himself was whisked away to a top secret hideout.

Brigitte's home and her parents'



house at 11 Rue de la Pompe were kept under the strictest stakeout. **BUT NOT ONE WORD ABOUT THIS KIDNAP ATTEMPT WAS MADE PUBLIC.**

Even Jacques Charrier, La Bardot's abandoned and absentee husband, and Nicholas' booted-out father, was **NOT** told what was happening.

After all, Jacques the Jerque had proved how delicate he is when he collapsed in an army barracks simply because his fellow rookies insisted on posting provocative pinups of his bosomy, undraped bride and repeatedly asked what it was like to score with the golden girl.

It was feared the jittery Jacques would become so emotionally unnerved that he might somehow spill the story and cause more harm.

Finally, the terrorized mother went back to work. She tried to continue ankling and undulating about in front of the cameras, but not even brassy Brigitte was able to hide the fantastic pressure of the kidnap

menace.

The days dragged on. And it was only recently, when the kidnappers of the Peugeot kid were finally arrested on a wild carnival of broads and booze at the Riviera, that Brigitte began to relax a little.

Papa and the gendarmes managed to convince the pouting passion flower that the crackdown on the Peugeot caper would surely have a psychological effect, and certainly would put a damper on, any plans by the madman who had written her the anonymous threat.

Such are the horrors of fame. It is not enough that filmdom's flashy filly is the constant prey of the parasites who surround her—not to mention her own madly mixed-up mind.

But she must also be forever exposed as a target for the sicknick characters of the blackmail brigade—so warped and greedy that they would try to make capital of a famous sex star's baby.

no one knows. But something happened.

Because—when the bouncy British broad showed up in Girl's Court one week later—the city rolled out a royal red carpet.

You would have thought the naughty hooker was a V.I.P. instead of a V-Doll. Had she been a visiting royal princess, the Lovely Limey couldn't have been more graciously received.

Not once during her visit to the staid old court house did the snooty cutie ever have to mingle with the run-of-the-mine wayward girls who traipse through those halls daily.

Instead, Marie was whisked into court by the back door and stashed in a side room declared "off limits" to the cameras of photographers just drooling to get her in focus.

There she was—right out of Vogue magazine—in a plaid skirt, tall white fur hat and a fingertip length Persian lamb coat. But Mutton Chops Dibben, the connoisseur of costly curios, wouldn't let his truant teenage bride out of sight.

While the mob milled around hungrily, trying to get a peep at the ravishing Maria, attendants sneaked her up the back stairs for a hearing behind **CLOSED DOORS.**

Nervously stroking his bristled brow, Dibben gave his all in defense of Maria. "She is back in my apartment, living with me again," he said.

"As for this man Towers—he's not the sort of person I mixed with in London," Dibben sniffed snootily. "Towers told Maria he would make her a star in America. She believed him, poor girl."

Dibben toyed with his monocle and assured the judge he had no thought of returning to Old England. "My interests are here," he said, smiling at Maria, but possibly thinking of some desirable antique.

The judge decided he would mull the whole miserable mess over a while, and dismissed the mis-matched mates. And that's when onlookers decided something fishy must be going on.

**EVEN UNCLE SAM WAS RUNNING ERRANDS FOR MARIA!**

An immigration officer had run out of the building, hailed a cab, and was trying to talk the driver into pulling up to a side door, on a private driveway, to pick up the precious passionpot.

**THE CONQUERING CALL GIRL!**

But a traffic cop—who obviously didn't understand the import business—said no dice.

So the siren had to swivel-hip 40 feet past the hoi polloi while the

## THE CALL GIRL WHO TRIED TO MAKE \$100,000

(Continued from Page 21)



court with a high-priced mouthpiece and hollered "foul."

"Towers is a man of substance," said the lawyer. "He is acquainted with people of prominence and has varied interests here and in England."

Varied interests, eh? Towers' interests were a bit **TOO** varied, the sleuths decided, as they further examined Towers' nifty little import business.

The D.A.'s office, sifting through the playwright's "affairs," described Towers as "bankrupt" to the tune of \$120,000.

In fact, by the time the cops got through with harrassed Harry, he was being held on five separate felony counts (all having to do with prostitution) and one misdemeanor (living off the earnings of a call girl.) And the Immigration boys were hot on his trail, too.

If convicted, the pooped-out producer could simmer in the stir for 82 years and/or get a bill for up to \$17,000 in fines. But first they have to catch him again, because as soon as good old Hurried Harry got out of the can on \$10,000 bail, he blew the coun-

try and holed up in Europe — completely blowing the flabbergasted DA's hopes of tagging him with so much as a parking ticket . . .

Still in the spotlight, the lovely Marie, made her debut in Woman's Court—and it was quite an entrance.

**"DADDY" ARRIVES**

When the mink-coated minx ankled across the floor she practically flipped. Standing there was a distinguished old duffer with mutton chop whiskers.

The elderly gent introduced himself to the Judge as Horace "Hod" Dibben, a 56-year-old antique dealer. But Marie needed no introduction.

Because old Brush-Face just happened to be—her **HUSBAND!**

Horace, the knick-knack nibbler, put up Maria's \$500 bail and took his wayward wifey home. But not before he had pointed out that the pulsating pussycat was inclined toward exaggeration. "She's 19," he said proudly, "not 22, as she told police."

The judge had no choice but to move Maria's case to Girl's Term Court. What went on that next week



photographers' flash bulbs popped.

No one could recall when a "wayward minor" had received such royal treatment. Who had ordered it? Court officials weren't talking.

**BUT THIS WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING.**

Now, for the first time—the whole weird web of mystery shrouding the Maria Novotny case is pulled aside.

**AS ONLY HUSH-HUSH can do it!**

It seems the high-class call girl isn't nearly as high class as she pretends to be. Misbehaving Maria claims to be an aristocrat, a member of the snooty "international set."

That's a lie.

Oh, Maria is international, all right. Her mother is British and her father is a Czech. But that High Society bit is all an act to make her play price seem like a bigger bargain.

In London Maria was a night club prancer under the phony moniker, "Mariella." And while she may have become the best-dressed call girl to make the docket in Manhattan's Girl's Term Court, back home she was one of the best undressed bundles in Britain's girly magazines.

But Naughty Mariella had big ambitions. She met some London lovelies who claimed to have cleaned up fortunes at the call girl racket in New York.

Certain obliging cuties were good-hearted enough to sell Maria their black books of telephone numbers. The Blackpool beauty reached these shores with a line on the Sex-hungriest marks in town.

She was all set to "make" only the very best connections!

Maria blithely boasted to New York Call-girl chums that she planned to clean up \$100,000 in a year.

And from the way she operated there was never any doubt she meant it.

The cash-crazy cupcake went to "work" at 11 a.m. and kept on the sex-sembly line until the wee hours.

From the very beginning she acted like she was already as padded in the pocket book as she **OBVIOUSLY** was everywhere else.

She was seen for months tripping in and out of the best hotels and night spots. Knowing John's spotted her by her wacky hats and high fashion clothes.

It's a sure bet she could have had a fabulous career as a fashion model, possibly even a TV actress—if she hadn't always preferred a reclining position . . .

An even bigger mystery are the two men in Maria's mixed-up life. Two more unlikely chaps you can't

imagine.

In London, they call Harry Towers the "wonder boy" of TV. If Towers is such a wonder, how come he was making the rounds in Manhattan before Maria arrived—paying other call girls \$50 a date.

It is practically an unwritten law that a pimp never shells out—not even to another pimp's girl.

Maybe Towers' hanky-panky was simply research. Maybe he wanted to find out how the high-pay passion pits operate. And what better way to learn than—first hand experience?

Then there is that dusty doo-dad dealer, Horace. Where was he when Maria was rolling in the chips by rolling in the hay?

And finally, when Maria appeared before the Girl's Term Court (being considered a wayward minor she had the good luck to escape the usual tough court dealing with call girls) whom do you think showed up? Well, none other than her mother, Mrs. Constance Novotny, who had come

all the way from England to help her daughter.

Sexy Maria, who most definitely doesn't look 19, got a real break. For reasons not at all clear, she was treated rather nicely. The magistrate merely paroled her, in custody of her mother, for an indefinite probation.

But the man and cash-crazy cutie was told by the magistrate that from now on — listen to this, boys! — she can't go to night clubs or cocktail lounges; she has to be at home not later than 1 A.M.; and she has to be very careful as to the company she keeps. In other words, it's strictly taboo for her to be seen introducing men to the bare facts of life . . .

Being only 19 years of age saved the chic call girl from a jail cell in the Women's Detention House, where life is far less pleasant than being paroled to the custody of one's mom.

The fate of Harry Alan Towers — as we go to press is still not decided. Maybe he should be paroled, too — in the custody of Maria's husband.



## BEVERLY AADLAND'S SHOCKING CONFESSION

(Continued from Page 22)

persons, taught her a lewd, wanton and wayward way of life, and roused within her deep, unripened passions and unnatural desires inimical to the interests, welfare and fulfillment of her normal youth."

According to Beverly, thus speaking through her poetic guardian, Flynn's grand design (which developed into Beverly's grand illusion) began in 1957, in Hollywood, on a studio lot.

In the starry-eyed language of the brief, the protagonists—now going by the more businesslike names of defendant and plaintiff—lived in two worlds apart.

### THE FATEFUL MEETING

Flynn was "an attractive man . . . a motion picture actor of considerable note . . . a gallant, bold, handsome, vigorous and adventuresome man."

The "infant plaintiff," as Beverly is called throughout the complaint, was a stage-struck youngster with an unspoiled soul, who worked hard so that one day she might become a star.

Then came the big collision, or, as the complaint put it:

"In 1957, when the infant plaintiff, Beverly Aadland, appeared in a minor capacity as a dancer in a picture in Hollywood, entitled 'Marjorie Morningstar,' Errol Flynn was then on the same location filming a picture, entitled 'Too Much Too Soon.'

"Said Errol Flynn, a mature and glamorous man, three times married, father of four children, then and there contrived to and did meet Beverly Aadland.

"At that time, said Errol Flynn was, or should have been, clothed with a mature appreciation of the responsibilities which every adult has in relation to the world, especially children and immature persons. Said Errol Flynn, as an adult, was clothed with the most serious obligation to act in a reasonable, prudent and mature manner toward those about him and particularly those persons whom he realized were not as mature as he. He realized, or should have realized, that adults about him were impressed by his stature in the theatrical world



and by his accomplishments on the silver screen."

The complaint went on, sneaking up to the punchlines:

"He knew," lawyer Trussel wrote on behalf of Beverly, "or should have known, that a youthful girl aspiring to become part of that world would become more impressed, not only because of her age, but because of her longing to become a 'star.'"

"He realized, or should have realized, that an immature girl, due to her lack of experience, her legal incapability to consent to immoral acts, her incapacity of understanding the consequences of their relationship, her immaturity of judgment, was at a disadvantage when dealing with him, of whom it might be said, was a well-travelled, well-educated man of the world."

So what did the said Errol Flynn, this mature, thrice married man, do to observe the obligations of a well-travelled and well-educated star of the silver screen?

At this point, Beverly came in for some battery in the flowery language of her guardian, for this was, according to Trussel, how Errol eventually dealt with the infant plaintiff:

"From 1957 until the time that Errol Flynn died, on October 14, 1959, during which period Beverly Aadland was at all times an infant under 18 years of age, Errol Flynn . . .

"... knowingly, intentionally, willfully, harmfully, offensively, shamefully, wrongfully, recklessly, maliciously, unlawfully, illegally, tortiously, and with immoral intent and purpose . . .

"... continued pressing his attention on Beverly Aadland, seeing her constantly, catering to her childish whims, continually and constantly taking advantage of her immaturity . . .

"... worked upon her resistance, her impressionable, natural, childish curiosity . . .

"... led her along the byways of immorality . . .

"... accustomed her to a frenzied life of wild parties, subjected her to immoral debauchery and sex orgies . . .

"... taught her to react with wanton disregard for conventions, and feelings of other persons . . .

"... taught her a lewd, wanton and wayward way of life, and roused within her deep, unripened passions and unnatural desires inimical to the interests, welfare and fulfillment of her normal youth."

That wasn't all.

"He arrested her moral, normal, mental development and robbed her

of the ambition, industry and opportunity to achieve a youthful goal as a successful motion picture actress, for which she has assiduously worked, trained and strived to prepare herself since the age of five . . . He had taken advantage of her immaturity, had led her along a foul path, filled her mind with many immoral thoughts and allowed her to come into contact with much that was detrimental and destructive to her character, morals, health, welfare and well-being.

"He has scarred her mind and left her with her great immoral disillusionment."

While thus blasting and castigating the said Flynn, that gallant and bold man, Trussel, in this lyric mood, did not spare the girl whose general guardian he was.

According to the complaint, Beverly meekly "submitted to Flynn's overpowering and magnetic demands for a loose and carefree companion . . . adopting his unhealthy and perverted philosophy of wringing every pleasure out of life, regardless of cost."

Trussel then went on to say that Beverly participated in what her guardian called "frenzied ecstasies."

#### BAD, BAD, BEVERLY

The outcome of this "immoral life of debauchery" was what you would expect. Beverly was turned into a "sex delinquent whose immoral escapades," Trussel ruefully conceded, "continued beyond Flynn's death." She became a "wayward minor . . . a public notoriety," until she came to be confined, on April 9, 1960, in Juvenile Hall, Los Angeles.

Flynn, according to Trussel, was a perfectionist. He left nothing in Beverly as he had found it.

"He," wrote the garrulous guardian, "deprived her of a normal life. He deprived her of the normal pursuits of a young, healthy, average teen-ager. He deprived her of the God-given opportunity of coming into bloom as a normal woman."

"He robbed her," Trussel stated, "of all the beauty, wonder and joy of her youthful years of normal growth and development."

"Her opportunities to meet and marry a young man of good moral character and reputation have been seriously and permanently jeopardized" by what the guardian described as Flynn's "battery and trespass to Beverly's body."

Can this ever be made up?

Is there anything in the world that could compensate poor little Beverly for the perversions and ecstasies that destroyed her beauty, wonder and joy?

Yes, there is!

Five million dollars?

Give us those five million bucks, the guardian said in effect, and all is forgiven and forgotten.

When the complaint reached the Supreme Court and was assigned to Justice Hofstadter, the jurist refused to believe his own eyes. He was never before subjected to such battery and trespass to his legal equanimity.

How can a case like this even be dignified with a juridical decision? But Justice Hofstadter rose to the occasion. At any rate, he turned down Beverly's claim, but did it in a brief of his own that was as poetic as Trussel's work of art.

Wrote the Justice in lyric legalese:

"The mess," for that was what it was, "should not, and, in any event, cannot, be swept under the rug."

"While we are here necessarily confined to the complaint, that paper unfolds much of the sordid Beverly Aadland-Errol Flynn story—at least as the plaintiff conceives it."

"It tells in great detail how Flynn, the glamorous movie star, led Beverly down the primrose path of dalliance."

"He is pictured as a lecherous libertine who took advantage of the plaintiff's youth and immaturity as well as her ambition to make her way in the silver screen world."

But no matter what and how much the complaint told him, the Honorable Justice was neither amused or impressed.

He reminded lawyer Trussel that the old law had been abolished and semantic subterfuges could not revive it in the Supreme Court. He further reminded the general guardian that the seduction of a minor was, anyway, a matter for her parents to beef about.

And, last but not least, he appeared to agree with the administrators of the Flynn estate who claimed:

"As there were no allegations of force, we can conclude that plaintiff voluntarily entered upon a course of conduct she knew to be morally wrong."

Beverly's over-documented case was thrown out of Justice Hofstadter's court.

But that didn't dismay Beverly.

She got herself another guardian and is appealing the verdict. The \$5,000,000 Beverly Aadland story is due for a reprise, but there is nothing left to fill the gaps.

And, poor little Lolita, she does not know that she is thus pillorying herself and so deepening her certified notoriety that not even ten times \$5,000,000 will ever be able to white-wash it again.





## STOP THOSE FAIRY TALES ABOUT JFK!

(Continued from Page 21)

the former senator from Massachusetts, she was posing for photographers in a crushing clinch with her latest conquest — Italian Prince Marcantonio Borghese.

Then the Prince gave her a line of baloney about having to go to Bologna on business, and Alicia gave HIM the business.

As soon as her Passion Prince was gone, she began to buy the mustard at a new stand. The bubbly blonde must think she's quite a vamp the way she fills her plate with an anti-pasto of men.

Next she was seen nuzzling up to muscleman Gianfranco Piacenti and necking up a storm in his frisky Ferrari.

Only trouble was, the panting Piacenti was so busy flexing his own muscles and unflexing Alicia's, he forgot to ask the owner of the car if he could borrow it.

The owner called the cops and the cops called the giant Gianfranco a name — thief. Wham! The irritated Italian found himself stewing behind bars.

The fickle filly was very sympathetic. She understood how such things happen. Not long before she had been flat herself — as flat in the pocketbook as she is hilly in other places.

### BAD CHECK "ARTIST"

Alicia didn't have a penny. But she had a checkbook and a pen and that was all the imaginative imp needed. Like a one-armed paper hanger, she started passing bad checks all over the continent.

In a Swiss dress shop she bounced a \$400 check as high as the Alps. And no St. Bernard pup came around to rescue her. The Swiss cops have a warrant out for the swivel-hipped sweetie's arrest.

AND THIS IS THE CHISELING CHIPPIE WHO HAD THE GALL TO CALL HERSELF THE EX-FIANCÉE OF JOHN F. KENNEDY!

But that was just the beginning. After spreading the scandal far and wide, she saw the storm rising and thought she would straighten things

out. So the silly sexpot sat down and wrote a letter of apology to Pierre Salinger, the President's press secretary.

HUSH-HUSH thinks the cunning, crazy cutup would be far better off shooting off her mouth to a psychiatrist instead of to the press.

An hour a day with a headshrinker might do the witless wench a world of good. It might help Purdom, too, if Alicia would unwind a little with a psycho-doc on hand to tie the loose ends up.

When the punchy Purdom waltzed down the aisle with Alicia he was still spinning from the song and cha cha cha of his first wife, a ballerina named Tita.

The torrid Tita taxed him plenty as the price of a divorce. She still gets a healthy hunk of every pay check. And what Tita doesn't get, Alicia wants.

And she won't take no for an answer.

She keeps trying to climb into his pad, and pokey Purdom keeps shoving her out.

Like that wild time in St. Moritz at the sumptuous Palace Hotel, when Alicia's hanky-panky hubby was "auditioning" a new leading lady — EVERYBODY'S pet playgirl, actress Linda Christian.

The livid, lovely, lusty Alicia stalked into the lobby.

Manager Andrea Badrutt ran over to head her off.

"I demand to share my husband's room," the hysterical hussy screamed.

"Throw her out," Badrutt snapped.

The doorman "escorted" the wild eyed wench to the door, and she headed through the snow straight to the police.

The cops took one look at luscious, lovely Alicia. What kind of man could toss such a sexpot out of his bed? Edmund and Linda arrived to explain, and the persistent Purdom insisted on taking a detective back to the hotel to show him there wasn't room for Alicia.

Of course, he could also have told the cops he seldom used THAT particular room, anyway. But he forgot to mention this fact.

Still steaming, Alicia moved into the Carleton across the street. There she slipped into a Turkish towel and held one of her infamous press conferences.

"I will follow Edmund everywhere he goes," the silly sextress told reporters. "With that woman or any other. I will not give him any peace until he agrees to my terms for divorce. I'll picket the Palace, if necessary, with a sign saying, 'Linda, Go Home!' He's my husband and he must look after me."

It must have suddenly gotten chilly over there at the Carleton however, because the bottomy-blonde was soon heading for warmer climes.

And whom do you think she latched on to just a few weeks later? None other than Brigitte Bardot's broken-down bridegroom, Jacques Charrier.

You can't imagine a stranger couple than the 26-year-old, Polish-born Alicia and the 23-year-old, frustrated Frenchman.

He can't speak a word of English and she can't speak a word of French. They have to communicate in . . . German . . . and whatever other international "language" they decide to invent.

They met in one of those dark and dingy Left Bank night clubs, but the two miserable mismatched mates didn't need light. They glowed with an electricity all their own.

Jilted Jacques was still in shock after being booted out of the bustling Brigitte's boudoir.

So when the amorous Alicia gazed deep into his cocker spaniel eyes and said, "What you need is a personal manager . . . me," Jacques crawled right into her clutches.

### SEES HER ETCHINGS?

If nothing else, Alicia shows a flair for originality. In the old days, a sex-hungry guy had to drag out the etchings. Today the broads beat them to it.

Instead of whispering sweet nothings to each other, the two lusty lovebirds traded sob stories: Jittery Jacques spilled out all the dirt about Brigitte and how she'd almost driven him to suicide, while Alicia let loose with a round of abuse against Purdom.

Then they took turns cheering each other up.

The curvaceous cutie was a real cure for the crushed Charrier—exactly what he needed for his bruised ego. She took him in hand.

The crafty chick convinced Charrier he could be another Brando. All



he needs is a little grease on his T-shirt, she said. And, with her connections, Alicia promised he would be a cinch to get into the Actor's Studio.

Jacques is acting like a pampered pet poodle. The other day at Maxim's, Paris' most fabulous luncheonette, Charrier was overheard feeding his blonde pretty a tasty line:

"Brigitte Bardot is a poor little creature, a kid . . . but you, Alicia, you are a most wonderful woman!"

Life is looking brighter every day for this Jacques-in-the-box. He lost his pout-pussed sex kitten, but he found himself a ravishing replacement. And now — after being so broke for months he had to room with a friend and ride the subway — Charrier is suddenly loaded with dough.

He is staked out in an elegant apartment on the Rue Faisandrie in one of the smartest quarters of Paris, driving an Alfa-Romeo sportcar, and showering his delicious dolly, Alicia,

with fabulous baubles.

Where does the cash come from?

HUSH-HUSH can reveal the secret behind this sudden shower of wealth.

It's a payoff from none other than the beautiful Bardot herself, for the divorce she's been trying to get for months.

What will happen next, no one knows.

As long as the publicity-panting Alicia gets her pretty pan in all the papers — thanks to her endless chain of romances with dime-a-dozen male starlets and puerile playboys — she will keep cooing and cuddly.

But it's time someone told that calculating cutie her tasteless self-promotion stinks. Her running off at the mouth about a "romance" with the former Senator from Massachusetts is AN OUTRAGEOUS AFFRONT and the best thing she could possibly do is to . . . STAY AWAY FROM THIS COUNTRY FOR GOOD!

elephant's eye, and sleeves that were puffed up like a pair of potatoes.

"I look like what I'm not," she said. "I look as wholesome as breakfast food."

And nobody even wanted a nibble. The gorgeous gal — hidden behind all that clothing — looked so innocent, she couldn't even get arrested at a Hollywood Policemen's Ball.

Movie bigwigs said she was too sweet, too girlish. So, while Shirley fidgeted, the producers flipped over a bevy of beatnik broads who upstaged smiling Shirley's pink cheeks with their unwashed kissers.

They became hot box-office, while the frantic filly just became hotter and hotter under that gingham collar.

But finally the Jones girl got a break. She was cast as a flipping flapper with a gullet like the Gulf of Mexico for gin. The program was the "The Big Slide", with Red Skelton, on C.B.S.

Later, when boastful Burt Lancaster was seeking a red-hot hooker for "Gantry", he remembered Shirley's sex-cess on TV and gave her the job.

Hollywood gasped at bully-boy Burt's guts. But it paid off. As a love-for-sale siren, sensational Shirley — her dad named her after Shirley Temple — was an ace in the hole.

The image of yesterday's calico cutie of "Oklahoma" fame was replaced by a nymph in net stockings.

The chick, who seized opportunity by the bed sheets, says the role in "Gantry" was "the best I ever had."

When she used to act like a prissy prude, all she ever got in the mail were bills.

But now the letter carriers bring the wails of males who say they twist and turn, thinking about the vestal virgin turned temptress. And Shirley loves every bit of this frantic fan fare.

"I've never had such mail," she said.

"Only two letters," the sextress continued, "complained. They were from mothers of teenage girls who wondered why I could accept such a role."

And then, hiking her hips higher in a hugging gown, she said:

"If only two people object, I can't be so wrong about being so bad on screen."

The dazzling dame didn't even crack a smile when she said: "I have a deceptive look. I look like a girl who is dull. But it's the old story of type casting."

Off-screen she's a type, all right. A type that can make a man miserable.

The coy cuddler, when asked sev-



Elizabeth Seal got her Tony for the work she did as a dilly of a French filly in "Irma La Douce."

And Joan Plowright was given her Tony for a frantic picture of a never-say-no, never-say-stop nymphomaniac daughter in "Taste of Honey."

In short, it was a season that went over with a big bang in the movies and on the stage.

Call girl cuties, fascinating floozies and other virginless versions of luscious lovelies have become the order of the day.

In the case of succulent Shirley, it may be a back to nature movement. All those gingham get-ups and sweet-and-lovely parts she used to play were about as close to this teaser's true character as falsies are to Marilyn Monroe's bra.

This naughty nymph likes to get down to the bare essentials in the most essential of things. Which explains why shapely Shirley nestles nude in the water when she swims in her Hollywood pool.

It's the same when the dimpled doll hits the sack — perchance to sleep.

## MATING SONG

Shirley is married to Jack Cassidy, an actor and musical comedy singer since 1956. They met while he and the 5-foot-5, 114-pound busty broad were rehearsing the "Beggar's Opera."

But it wasn't all work and no play as Jack and the Jones girl got to really know each other.

Less than two years after he learned that his busty babe had hazel eyes and REAL blonde hair, the couple had a son, Shaun.

But before the marriage, Shirley was a worrying wench.

"I almost didn't get my husband," the brainy dame explained.

It seems that Jack the Joker had tabbed her a prissy pussycat. To him she was a boring broad.

And while simmering Shirl was all girl — at home, in Hollywood, at the studio — they had her pegged as a square without fare.

She was strictly from Hicksville, they decided. The farmer's daughter, but without the traveling salesman around. So they put her into gingham dresses, with collars as high as an



eral months ago who was the boss of her home, said, "Jack is, or he thinks he is."

She admitted that last summer she conned her hapless husband into breaking his back over the kitchen stove while she floated nude around the pool.

Once, Jack, an apron around his waist, looked at the luscious lovely as the water played over the byways of her body in the pool and he remembered what the calculating cookie had told him:

"People, when they see me dressed, are sure that someone called Shirley Jones has never had to experience brushing off those birds and bees."

The gorgeous gal is, for good or bad, growing more and more uninhibited.

In "Pepe" she plays a disillusioned actress who finally makes it in the movies, by successfully swinging with Dan Dailey.

"This kind of role made me more uninhibited as a person — and I'm loving it," she said.

Which ties in with this: As it so often happens in Hollywood, at the very time when Shirley was nominated for the Oscar, rumor swept Sunset Boulevard that her marriage to Jack Cassidy was starting to ebb. It was said that for some time the blonde bombstress has not seen eye-to-eye with Jack.

But HUSH-HUSH can reveal that this is simply not true. It happens occasionally that, when a wife's success becomes great and overshadows a less successful husband, show biz marriages go pffft. It can be reported that Shirley and Jack, who have a little son Shaun, now three years old, are expecting their second baby in late fall. Shirley, by the way, at this very moment, is in the midst of the film version of "The Music Man", in which she portrays a prim librarian — quite a big switch from the loose girl she played in "Elmer Gantry".

Speaking of that Oscar, the night the sextress won that prize, the sin-is-so-good-for-the-bank-account gal said:

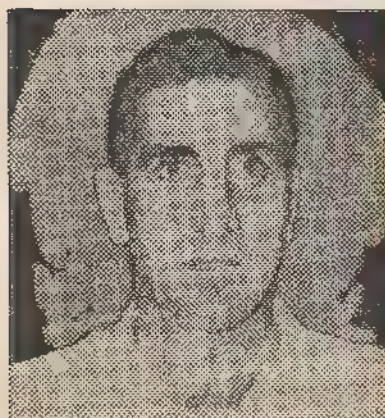
"I'M GOING TO AN ALL-NIGHT PARTY. AND WHEN IT'S OVER, YOU KNOW WHO I'M GOING TO BED WITH?"

"OSCAR. HE'S THE GREATEST!"

At which many older and wiser screen sirens, with Oscars to burn, shook their heads sadly over the inevitable tragedy of growing up too fast.

The Jones girl is headed for some god-awful dull and lonely nights before her sex-propelled star ride is over, they figure. And it couldn't happen to a nicer kid, either.

At least, she **WAS** a nice kid. Once upon a time . . .



dials your number can talk with you, and you can shoot the breeze with him, from now until tomorrow morning **LONG DISTANCE!** And, the phone company can't bill you a dime, because the call just plain **DOESN'T REGISTER.**

The possibilities are fantastic!

Your best friend in Kokomo can ring you collect with a couple of hot stock tips. Or your insomniac grandmother can phone and you can lull her to sleep with readings from the racing reports. Or you, in Manhattan, and your sweetie, in Las Vegas, can keep each other coming and going all night with hot, sweet nothings whispered across the miles.

And the frustrated phone fatheads can't hit you for one red cent!

Sounds too far-fetched to be true? Well, it's true, all right. Just such a gadget exists. And more than 100 of these coin-copping doohickeys are **IN OPERATION RIGHT NOW** in the U. S.!

Who's got them? You can probably guess. These phone-finagling wonders are ideal for a certain group of racketeers. Namely, bookies.

This incredible parasite phone racket could cost the telephone empire 10 million bucks — give or take a dime here and there. Yet even with all its electronic arms grasping across

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the country, the giant communications syndicate is having a devil of a time clearing up the most costly wrong number in its history.

Who is the genius that beat the telephone system?

A super scientist? A graduate electronics engineer? Not on your life. He is just plain do-it-yourselfer Walter Shaw, a 44-year-old Miami man, father of two, an amateur inventor — for kicks and CASH.

Naturally enough this wizard of the wires got his education working for the Southern Bell Telephone Company. But his bosses never recognized his genius. They kept him busy as a mere lineman — installing telephones.

But you can't stifle a natural-born talent. It wasn't long before the screwdriver genius found he could make a mint with installation of another kind.

Sharpy Shaw got out his trusty tool kit and a few hunks of scrap metal and went to work right in his living room. A screw here. A screw there. In no time he had created a daring little ding-a-ling that could influence the timing device of an ordinary telephone with an electronic signal.

Then the money-hungry telephone tinkerer buried his bamboozling brainchild in an innocent-looking oblong box and attached it to the wires of a phone. The makeshift magic worked wonders.

Calls came in collect but — as far as the all-knowing telephone exchange was concerned — it was as if the calls were never completed!

## RINGING UP PROFITS

Word got around — LONG DISTANCE COLLECT, of course — and the coinbox conniver was in business. He and an obliging pal from Golden Beach were soon tossing together 10 roll-chiseling devices a day.

Bookies around the country snapped them up — a real bargain at (a mere) \$1,500 each. The only market the wily Shaw couldn't crack was Chicago — where the phone company hasn't gotten around to putting in a direct dial system yet.

Then one day the wire-whiz kid finally got hung up.

It was a blustery March afternoon. A brace of bargain boxes were ringing up the change in a cozy little bookmaking shack out in Mamaroneck, Long Island.

The intake was high and, needless to say, the overhead was low. Who knows, maybe the price of the bonanza box was tax deductible. If

bookies bother paying taxes, that is . . . .

Suddenly there was a noise at the door. And it wasn't the roar of the wind. It was a raid! Cops burst into the room! Scratch sheets went flying! The harrassed booksters grabbed a stack of loose bills and scrambled toward the windows.

The raiders took over, swooping up the evidence like a herd of vacuum cleaners.

"Ding-a-ling," went the phone — very innocent-like.

The cops did a double take. In no time, detectives were digging those crazy telephones. "The most incredible thing I ever saw," said Westchester County D. A. Leonard Rubinfeld.

And soon the sleuths made a connection. Two of the same type of wonder boxes had been picked up in a similar cops-and-bookie caper down in Dade County, Florida.

Ironically enough, the pinch on the truant lineman came LONG DISTANCE!

The coy coin chiseler wasn't even embarrassed. He was PROUD. "It's my brainchild and it's useful for cross-

country conferences," he boasted. Then he clammed up.

Well, the telephone dicks — who uncrossed all those lines to shut him up — wish the silent electronic whiz would start talking. Believe it or not, the engineers of this fantastic financial syndicate HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO DOPE OUT HOW THE LITTLE PARASITE WORKS!

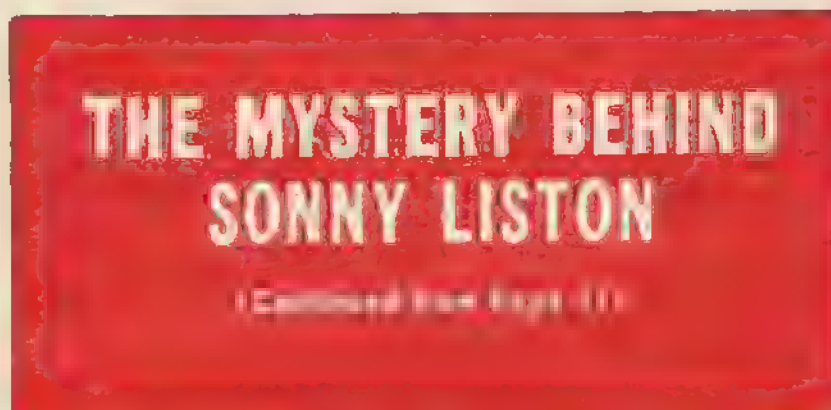
The payload of the no-pay gimmick is buried in a hunk of material that's tougher to melt than a dedicated virgin.

The company's fumble-fingered so-called experts have tried to dissolve, melt, X-ray and chisel it open — but whatever they do, they manage to pulverize the insides, too.

When they turn to Shaw for help all he will say is: "Loan me a dime, I want to phone my lawyer."

Too bad a guy with Shaw's gift for on-the-cuff gab doesn't put his screwdriver to work on some more legitimate gadget.

And too bad the phone company didn't plug this particular lineman into a spot where his amazing talents would be bringing in money instead of draining it out.



to do his best to save Sonny from the threatening doom.

Father Stephens noted Liston's natural ability for boxing. He furnished both opportunity and inspiration for the full development of his protegee's God-given gift.

The boy's pugilistic capability proved in excess of the padre's wildest dreams. But the rehabilitation was not complete. Liston's opponents in the ring have been easy by comparison with his life-long struggle to keep himself clear of, shall we say, further entanglements with society.

Unfortunately, Sonny drifted away from Father Stephens too soon. And he drifted too far for his own good.

He virtually never stopped drifting. His troubles with the law did not cease even when he started making a phenomenal reputation for himself in the ring, a reputation that was obviously on the level.

And, further clouding the horizon of his present prospects, are the sinis-

ter shadows of his behind-the-scenes sponsors. Aside from being in general disrepute, presently they are also in violent conflict with the authorities. Some of them are actually languishing in various prisons. Others are out on bail but under indictment. Still others are fingered by District Attorneys (like New York's Frank Hogan) and Congressional investigators (like Senator Estes Kefauver) as the rotten eggs that stink up the whole boxing racket.

## MOB'S MEAL TICKET

As Lee Greene put it, in his list of the most promising heavyweights: "Waiting in the wings is Charles 'Sonny' Liston, a promising fighter who is being brought along as the next big meal ticket for Jim Norris and the remnant of the IBC."

Green's cautious words camouflage Sonny's real plight.

"Norris" and the "remnant of the



IBC" are but synonyms for what is known as the "Fight Mob." Behind the seemingly respectable front of that Chicago multi-millionaire and badly tarnished golden boy of boxing, Jim Norris, is an unsavory character, the no-longer-mysterious "Mr. Gray."

He is, of course, Frankie Carbo.

Even Frankie does not represent the real top echelon of boxing's shadowy underworld. The former trigger-man merely fronted, and managed the fight business, for agents like Louis Dragna, for instance, undisputed gang-lord of California.

It was claimed in so many words that Sonny Liston is the most valuable colt in Frank Carbo's dirty stable. What's more, he is said to be owned by none other than Dragna himself.

While Louis steadfastly denies any such connection with the newest heavyweight threat, there is considerable skepticism surrounding his disclaimer.

Now Carbo is in prison. Dragna, as usual, remains invisible. But there are others of their ilk far too evident behind Sonny's broad back. Their presence, alone, confirms beyond any doubt Liston's underworld connections.

Top man on this totem pole is Frank Palermo, the celebrated Philadelphia philanthropist, known as "Blinky" in the fight business. Blinky is the tested pro-consul of the Carbo organization in Pennsylvania, with direct and lively links to the biggest names in the underworld. His personal tentacles reach as far as Florida, where Carbo used to rule, and to California, the Dragna domain.

Palermo, also, puts up a front of modesty and refuses to claim any credit for Sonny-Boy Liston. He will even go so far as to say that he really has nothing in common with the kid.

To prove the claim, he points with pride to the fact that Liston has a manager of his own, and any similarity between that manager and Blinky Palermo is purely coincidental.

Sonny's working manager is Joe "Peppe" Barone — and you need not go any further to probe the connections. Barone is best known as still another front, this time in the managerial field, for the Dragna-Carbo organization.

In prison or under indictment, both prosecuted and persecuted by the authorities, this is not the kind of crowd any promoter in his right mind would want to cooperate with. Not even if the stakes are as high as those of the World Heavyweight Championship. As long as Sonny is so deeply

in the clutches of the Mob, no self-respecting promoter will tap him with the proverbial ten-foot pole.

Therein lies the big dilemma.

Sonny Liston can no longer be ignored, if new blood is to be transfused into boxing. With a flickering shadow like Floyd Patterson and a pampered dandy like Ingemar Johansson monopolizing the exclusive upper bracket in the heavyweight class (the only class in which real money can be minted), boxing is headed for extinction. After the last circus act put up by those two — in Florida, where they fell victims to fly-swapper punches and spent time in horizontal poses for no reason actually apparent to spectators — the worst is expected when boxing's future is contemplated.

The opinion is, therefore, fairly unanimous that the sooner the dismal Patterson era is brought to a close, the better it will be for both boxing and the business built on that manly art.

In boxing circles everywhere, the liberation of Sonny Liston from his own dictators is discussed with the same furtive eagerness as that of Cuba from its bearded madmen.

In swanky restaurants in midtown Manhattan you can see small bunches of well-known gentlemen in huddles. They are discussing the salvage job of Sonny.

There in one corner may be seen young, self-assured, aggressive Roy Cohn, the late Sen. Joe McCarthy's erstwhile side-kick, now one of the country's highest-paid attorneys. Roy sneaked into the boxing racket in the wake of the short-lived Rosensohn era, so named after the luckless boy-promoter who once managed a Patterson championship bout (the first with Ingo) for another branch of the Mob.

Roy had what you might call the clean approach to the cauliflower jungle. He hoped to clean up by promoting the big bouts. Even if he had to clean the Mob out of the racket.

Due to inexperience and other — including personal — factors, Cohn and his associates have failed on both counts. It was not entirely their fault. Not even a Tex Rickard could do anything heroic with second-raters like Floyd and Ingo.

Now Ray Cohn is trying to improve his own situation, and at the same time the whole climate of boxing, by restoring some class to the sport — via Sonny. He and the Fugazys, an uncle-and-nephew team aligned with him, are secretly rais-

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ing the fortune they think will be needed to buy Liston from the Mob.

The Roy Cohn partnership (as clumsy as ever) is no longer alone in bidding for Sonny. Others are said to be lined up behind Rocky Marciano, with funds said to be in excess of \$1 million, to liberate Liston.

## ROCKY WANTS HIM

Rocky is a genuine fan of Sonny's. Nobody regrets it more than the Brockton Blockbuster that the kid is so deeply mortgaged to the Mob. If Rocky had the money, he would put up the dough himself. He regards such a deal not merely as a great humanitarian act (saving Sonny's soul), but also as excellent business.

But Marciano's experience in the ring, and his own associations with promoters and handlers, were not exactly conducive to the accumulation of a substantial private fortune. Some even go as far as to hint that Rocky — whose fistic skill and good sportsmanship made millions for others — is actually broke.

Waiting for others to finance him (despite rumors about "multi-millionaire backers"), Rocky realizes that his efforts are nebulous. Still, insiders regard him as the most serious contender for Sonny's services, especially if his efforts are measured by the man's sincerity.

At one stage it was also said that a baseball syndicate identified with Hank Greenberg was getting ready to buy out the Mob and assign Sonny to the tender care of Marciano.

While it may be true that Liston is the best pug that money can buy these days, it is doubtful that he's really for sale.

It is a truism in the fight racket that the big dough rides on the heavy-weight title. For many years, the Mob waited for this special opportunity. In the meantime, it was sinking a lot of good money into the development of bad fighters. It was frustrated in these costly efforts, first by the decline and fall of Joe Louis, then by Marciano's abrupt retirement. The sort of bonanzas the Carbo-Palermo crowd could stage-manage with "champs" like Primo Carnera just doesn't exist any more.

Now, at last, the precious plum appears to be within the Mob's reach. After all the frustrations, humiliations and tribulations of these years, insiders expect the Mob to hold on to Sonny, even if only by the skin of their teeth. They will leave nothing undone to create a respectable

front after all, behind which Sonny Liston could make his pitch for the crown.

Where does Sonny himself stand in this scramble?

He appears to be quite eager to be liberated, for he himself would like to see the crown on his own head. But he realizes that his chances remain dim as long as the Dragnas, the Carbos and the Palermos infest his environment.

However, he entertains rather unorthodox ideas about the way his liberation could be accomplished.

For one thing, Sonny cannot see why his handlers are any worse than Patterson's sacrosanct manager, Constantine ("Cautious Cus") D'Amato. He refuses to concede that the crowd in his own back yard is any more unsavory than the gents who squatted in the twilight zone of the first Floyd-Ingo bout.

For another thing, Sonny does not seem to approve all this talk about his "liberation" which treats him like a chattel or a piece of real estate. He wants Peppe Barone to give him up, or at least that was what he said in print.

"I'll then go to Senator Kefauver," he proclaimed, "and ask him to appoint a new manager to handle me."

But Sonny frowns upon any money changing hands with the transfer of the management.

"Peppe has to give me up for nothing," he protested, "or else, I'll turn my back on boxing and go back to manual labor, the only other thing I can do."

He said it, though, with the sly smile of a man who knows he is joking. "How naive can a guy be?" asked the sports-scribes, even as their fingers pecked out the big story. And nobody in the business regards Sonny Liston as exactly naive.

So this is where the Great Sonny Liston Mystery stands as of this writing. According to *Ring* magazine, "under the argument of rehabilitation, and having paid his debt to society, the imperfections in Liston's past may be waived, as they were in the case of Rocky Graziano and others.

"But Liston's reported patrons provide a puzzler since the elimination of undesirable influences in boxing management are most difficult to bring about."

No real solution to the setting up a "front man" has been found, even if Frankie Carbo has been jailed, and Blinky Palermo was forced to join him at his enforced vacation resort.



There is only one question that remains:

Is Sonny Liston worth the trouble? How good is he, really?

When asked for an answer to this question, Teddy Brenner, veteran Madison Square Garden matchmaker, looked at the questioner pityingly, as though doubting the man's sanity.

He then answered the question with a question: "Who would you pick to lick him?"

Conditioner Jack ("Doc") Moore backed up Brenner by saying: "Sonny hasn't really opened up yet. Wait till he opens up! Then he'll be in a class all by himself."

Other samplings of professional opinion produced answers like Brenner's and Moore's. And Sonny himself is supremely confident that he is the first truly qualified contender for the crown to appear on the scene since Joe Louis.

Unfortunately for all concerned, the Mob also shares these views. And the Mob has never been generous about money with anybody except shoeshine boys, waiters, chorus girls and the widows of suddenly deceased ex-Mobsters.

If there's a fighter around that somebody like Roy Cohn or Rocky

Marciano figures he can clean up, say, \$5,000,000 on, the Mob — with its unbeatable connections and persuasive methods — can milk at least \$15,000,000 from the same pair of gloves. So why should they give him up? Just to be nice?

It's only fair to say, therefore, that even when Charles Liston does become a "free agent", to do as he pleases and fight whom he wants, there's going to be some little joker hidden in the woodpile.

And only the naive will believe that his "liberation" is as complete as the involved parties will want to make it appear.

*Editor's Note:* While the above story was going to press, the author's daring prediction seemed to be coming true already. Late reports say that Liston's manager, Peppe, has "given Sonny up". In other words, he allowed Liston to "buy" his contract back for \$75,000. Considering that the fighter's contract would bring more than a million from other sources, and that Peppe has never been accused of being a philanthropist, insider's laugh at what seems to be an obvious maneuver to make it look as if Sonny is finally free of "the Boys"!

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## THOSE FORT LAUDERDALE STUDENT RIOTS

Continued from Page 11



campuses that Lauderdale was the place to go. The reason wasn't hard to understand—and it had nothing to do with the town's natural scenery. It was simply because, well—let's face it—when a bunch of College Joes jump into a jalopy, or an MG, and head for a resort town, what do YOU think they are REALLY looking for?

A sun burn? Sand in their shoes? Water in their noses?

They're looking for the same thing that the little office girls of Manhattan's stone canyons are looking for when they head for the Catskills or Poconos every summer.

Or, for that matter, what college co-eds are looking for when THEY head for Florida—just like the boys do—during the Easter holidays.

The Betty Co-eds, from Columbia U. to Cal. Tech., have heard that Fort Lauderdale is "where the boys are".

So that's where the girls go, too. Altho, and this is what causes the most trouble—they don't go in as great numbers as the boys do.

Little wonder then that Fort Lauderdale is fast becoming famed as one of the greatest centers for sextra-curricular studies in the land!

Each year the influx of college kids to the seaside city grows larger. And each year the wild antics of the "fun-loving" kids get wilder. Beer and sex binges are the order of the day. No matter what the folks back home might think daughter is doing on her vacation ("with my two roommates, who are both very nice, and religious, and come from wonderful families") in sunny Florida, one thing is taken for granted by the Fort Lauderdale lads and lassies.

Namely, that one NEVER goes swimming. (Hell, you can do that back home!)



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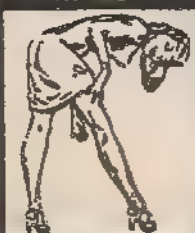


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As one voluptuous vixen from Vas-sar said: "I went in my first day here—and everybody looked at me as if I were crazy!"

To someone who has never seen Fort Lauderdale during the yearly Collegiate Crush, an exact picture of the situation is almost impossible to convey. There's no other word for it but "fantastic."

It's a carnal carnival of crowding, crushing college kids. The motels and hotels are so packed that there are sometimes 10 or more to a room. Cars are used for living quarters, and often you'll find two kids sleeping in the trunk space alone.

And, of course, there are the beaches.

The beaches are literally lined with bodies, day and night. Who needs a hotel room when you can just stretch out on the sand, preferably with a co-ed who will lull you to sleep by discussing the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

Jade Beach, to the north of town, is the most popular. It's called many names by the kids, but the good people of Fort Lauderdale boil all of its nicknames down into one that will pass the censors: Romance Beach.

Couples heading for Jade Beach with blankets under their arms (that sand can be mighty rough on your back, honey) are one of Lauderdale's most familiar sights around Easter-time. What makes Jade Beach especially attractive is that it is unlighted at night. There's nothing but the Moon over Miami to wink down on the down-to-earth hanky-panky that goes on, on the beach after dark.

Beer binges are the second most popular pastime of the College Crowd. The bars along the seaside are crammed with customers every minute they are open. Because so many of the visiting kids are under age, the bars are constantly in danger of selling booze to minors. To help them, ID (Identification) cards are issued to all those over 21, and you've got to have your ID with you if you want to get served. But of course the cards are passed around, borrowed, etc., so that many are served anyway.

## THEY FEEL NO PAIN

And if you can't drink in a bar, what's to prevent loading up on bottles of beer and drinking on the beach?

The crush in bars like the Elbo Room is incredible. If you reach into your pocket for a handkerchief, you're apt to hear someone next to you give a startled yelp and look very indignant or very inviting, depending on

who it happens to be and the state he or she is in.

This reporter was in the Elbo Room one night, when the floor was strewn with broken glass from smashed bottles and glasses. Yet many of the kids were dancing—in bare feet, pretending to be completely unaware (and maybe some were) of the blood flowing from open wounds as they shuffled and twisted their torsos erotically in "the twist," one of the favorite dances here.

Naturally, the decent citizens—consider the yearly student invasion only slightly better than a plague. They have been fighting against it for years, but it only grows bigger all the time.

And this year it REALLY went to town.

Part of the trouble this year was caused by the fact that Hollywood had finally gotten its hot little hand in the matter. As a result, a record-breaking mob of over 50,000 college kids swooped down on Fort Lauderdale during the 1961 Easter holidays—bringing drinking and wenching, and riots and rape, to the town on a scale that even Fort Lauderdale citizens had never seen before.

It seems someone in Movieland had heard about the annual trek of college clucks to Lauderdale, and, well—

"In Fort Lauderdale, huh?" a big producer said. "Ain't there a beach in that burg? Everyplace in Florida's got a beach."

"You sure know everything, boss," a scriptwriter said, in frank admiration.

"And college jerks go there. That means young dolls . . . in bikinis . . . on a beach . . . and Joe College chasing them. What a story line! It's a natural!"

"I'll knock 'em dead," a second script writer said.

"I got a clip here," the first writer added. "It says the kids neck on the beach at night."

The producer's eyes lit up with the fires of inspiration.

## PURE CORN

And so, Hollywood decided to do the Fort Lauderdale story. The result was typical, sugar-coated, corny 90 minutes of typical, corny Hollywood characters in typical, corny Hollywood settings. And it hit your local Itchoramas under the title "Where The Boys Are."

The best thing about the movie was that it starred four sugar-and-spice packed bathing suits that kept a firm grip upon the breathtaking curves of Connie Francis, Dolores Hart, Paula Prentiss and (the b-a-d girl) Yvette



Mimieux (who plays "backseat bingo" and comes to an untimely end as a result, just like film bad girls USED to do).

Except for the title, anything else in the whole movie that resembles the real Fort Lauderdale situation in any way is strictly coincidental.

Nonetheless, the fact that the number of college kids who headed for Fort Lauderdale this year was way over normal was no doubt in part influenced by the movie.

And that's where the boys were, all right. In trying to explain the riots that broke out in the resort town, Mayor Edward Johns said that most of the commotion was caused by sheer "boredom".

You can translate that "boredom" into "lack of girls". For, while thousands of college cuties made the scene, the boys outnumbered them by at least 10-to-1.

Now, of course, to some of these college babes — with their special training — the ratio of 10-to-1 doesn't indicate a bad balance at all. They wouldn't even consider it an inconvenience. But all the girls weren't so accommodating, and thousands of hot-blooded fellows who'd come looking for an outlet for their pent up passions found they would have been much better off staying at home.

They were bound to explode in one way or another. As one junior from Illinois University said: "What do they expect us to do? We drove 30 hours straight, 1,500 miles, and we didn't come here to sit in hotel rooms and play bridge!"

And this boy didn't have as much to complain about as some others. He, at least, had a hotel room. For those sleeping in cars, on back porches or on the beach, things were a lot worse.

One 17-year-old Junior Miss voiced a common beef. "The bars are the only places that don't keep their rest rooms locked up," she said. "And you can't get into a bar unless you're 21. So what's a girl supposed to do?"

"It's enough to make anybody want to riot," commented her pretty companion, who was looking uncomfortable at the moment.

What really set off the riots, however, was the city's decision — due to the uncontrollably large number of students milling around — to close down Jade Beach at night, along with the bars that lined the area.

Now the ones who didn't have hotel or motel rooms couldn't find open rest rooms, either, even if they were over 21! The supply of booze was thus drastically curtailed, also — and booze is one anecdote for boredom.

Worst of all, the one guy out of 10 who maybe was lucky enough to find a co-ed with the old school spirit was unable to trot her off to unlighted "Romance Beach" for a recreation period.

## JAILS JAMMED

Three nights of rioting followed, while the students clamored that if the cops didn't open the beach, they'd take over the city. Which they pretty well had done already.

On the first night the police tried to be polite with the milling, aggressive students. But, even with reinforcements, their gentle ways were of no avail against the mob.

So they got rough and had things pretty well under control — until a 22-year-old physical education student from Minnesota's Mankato State Teacher's College climbed a traffic light pole and began doing stunts while he egged on the other kids. Police finally got this clown down and packed him in the cooler for a 70-day stretch.

More rioting followed, however, despite the efforts of city officials to keep the kids busy with organized street dances and such. At the end of the three nights of rioting, cops had arrested over 500 and were handing out fines and sentences faster than a chorus girl can fill up a date book.

Then, finally, the Easter holidays were over, and the book was closed on Fort Lauderdale's sordid saga for another year. The "nice, clean kids" went back to school and the obvious things they had done — like rioting — were being glossed over, while little matters like rape and such were suppressed completely.

As if the tragedies caused by this yearly Saturnalia of Sex and Alcohol can ever be forgotten or erased from the lives of those who were hurt by them.

As one of the cops told HUSH-HUSH, "This gang is just a lot of good kids looking for fun! But I'll tell you this — my daughter stays home when they're in town. I make sure of that!"

## ANYTHING FOR THE BUCKS

There's another sad note to the Fort Lauderdale picture — and this, too, is never talked about by the local Chamber of Commerce. This concerns the number of teenage tarts who get their start in this torrid little town by the sea.

Sometimes it's mainly a matter of economics. Many co-eds who hit the holiday trail for "Where the boys



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are" don't realize how much it takes to live in a resort town. And even if they do, their folks couldn't give them enough money anyway.

As a result, they hit the beach with hardly enough to pay for their food bill, much less a hotel room — even if hotel rooms are available. Some solve this by sharing expenses. Only trouble there is that the cagey Lauderdale motel and hotel owners take great pains to make sure that each person who stays overnight in a room pays the full rate.

So word has gotten around the campuses that many of the co-eds are easy picking — especially those who are low in cash and don't have a place to sleep. The boys begin looking for these dolls, and the dolls suddenly find out that the same thing they had been giving away for nothing back on the campus now brings them the price of a hotel room and maybe a couple of steaks thrown in to boot!

Well, if Joe College is good for a sawbuck or two for a fast roll on the sands in the moonlight, the girls begin to wonder what the well-heeled tourists and local Good Time Charlies might be good for? A bit of research soon gives them the answer, and before long they find that, with what could hardly be called much extra effort, they are living in a style that suits them much better than the old college grind.

They loiter around on the beach all day, and in the hotels and motels all night. And when business gets slack in Fort Lauderdale, Miami is a mere 25 miles away. And thus, each year, a new crop of hustlers is born.

As for the good citizens of Fort Lauderdale — what do they think about this disgraceful exhibition that they open their town to every year?

"Time", the magazine that would rather be clever than accurate, and which always loves to end an article with a well-rounded, sophomoricly clever twist of words — no matter how much they stretch or distort the facts to do so — finished off a brief item about the recent Fort Lauderdale riots with:

"Thousands of the collegians vowed never to return. Fort Lauderdale hoped the vow would be kept."

The hell you say! If Fort Lauderdale didn't want these college capers, they would have been ended long ago. The reason the town welcomes them each year is given by "Time" itself, in the same item, when it says "cash registers busily jangled".

Looking deeper into the matter than "Time" has time to, one discovers that, even though the college boys cost Fort Lauderdale an estimated \$35,000 this year in extra police salaries and in cleaning up the messes made, the Chamber of Commerce was quite satisfied with the final outcome. And why not?

You take 50,000 kids. If each one stays only two days (many stayed a week or more), and spends only \$10 a day (not at all hard to do when beer is 50 cents a bottle and a room is at least \$10 a night from each occupant), the net total extracted from the lot in those two days would be \$1,000,000!

Is it any wonder then, that Fort Lauderdale tolerates this monstrous yearly blowout — and carefully suppresses all the bad aspects of it that it can?

They might be only college kids out for some "fun" — but they're a gold mine to the town whose three main industries have become booze, sex and lodgings (for those who come to booze and sex around a bit)!

ed from the globe.

But today Baumholder is definitely back on the map! It's a tight little, muddy metropolis of morbid maneuvers and macabre mysteries.

This year, the town could celebrate its tenth anniversary as Germany's Number 1 sin-town. It was in 1951 that the first American troops arrived near Baumholder. The sleepy little spot then suddenly found its place under the sun, its mission in life. It lost its drowsy calm overnight. It blossomed out as an oversized man-trap to which sex-starved, thirsty GIs were quick to beat a path.

In the wake of the war, there had been places like Baumholder. Kaiserslautern, for instance, and Worms and Bitburg. Now those others are gone. They were closed down and cleaned up, returned to the staid stability that used to characterize them before.

Baumholder is the only GI sin town that survives in Europe.

Today there are up to 30,000 American boys stationed in the nearby NATO camp. They draw up to \$3,000,000 each month. This is about 12 million marks—an astronomical sum—in local currency.

The vast majority of these GIs cold shoulder Baumholder and its lascivious lure. They live with their families in neat residential quarters or spend their time-off playing or studying at the camp. They hold on to their money, banking it at the American Express branch on the reservation.

But there are still hundreds, if not thousands, of suckers left for Baumholder. They go on pilgrimages to its pleasure domes, their pockets bulging with money to burn, caring little how it (or who) gets burned, as long as it buys a drink or a dame.

## PROFITS FROM PASSION

The whole town subsists on this one industry—a gigantic catering affair. Baumholder caters with consummate skill and gusto to the carnal needs of virile young men, its smug natives pocketing the profits that flow from wasted passions.

And behind it all squats the Syndicate!

This is a small coterie of reckless, ruthless men. They pull the strings from far away, much in the manner in which the vice barons of the dirty Thirties used to manipulate sex and sin in the United States.

Baumholder is a festering sore—a wide open scandal that, however, nobody seems willing to recognize for what it is.

This reporter has just cased the big joint—its dirty bars and hidden rooms



so in the minds of its peoples.

You'd have a hard time if you tried to locate the place in your gazetteer. It's behind God's back. Even a few decades ago, it was accessible only on foot or by carts. A mail coach used to stop there once a week.

In 1936, the Nazis hit upon the wide, empty space around Baum-

holder and turned it into the world's largest drill grounds for their Wehrmacht. Germany's defeat first emptied those grounds, then filled them with bored French occupation troops who set up an artillery school.

Never a lively place, it became a ghost town under the French. For years, after 1945, it virtually vanish-



where drunken sex is rampant.

This is what I found:

- Absentee landlords, represented by local stringers, operate the night-life of Baumholder with all the time-honored tricks and methods of familiar sin towns.

- There are up to 700 imported whores at large in Baumholder, doubling as B-girls and part-time prostitutes.

- The town is entirely under the spell of the all-mighty dollar, lighting up like a Christmas tree each time it is pay day in the NATO camp, staying lit for a fortnight, until the last cent is coaxed from the American GIs.

- Illicit love, not entirely confined to the pros, is having its tragic consequences in the rapid growth of the town's illegitimate birth rate, which is five times the average in the rest of West Germany.

- Venereal disease is spread by the itinerant camp followers, creating a public health problem with which the authorities are incapable of coping.

- There are only two vice cops in town, and they seem to be completely blinded to the rampant vice all around them.

- The city fathers tolerate everything with shrugs and smug smiles, filling their coffers with tax money from this bacchanal.

Who is responsible for this condition?

The residents blame the Syndicate for everything. The bartenders say it's the presence of "the girls" that makes the town such an abysmal sin trap. The girls say, starry eyed: "Why pick on us? We're here to take care of a need. Blame the Amis! They are the ones who want it this way!"

It's a vicious circle. Spokesmen of the 8th Army finger the Syndicate, as well as the authorities of West Germany who let it operate Europe's most vicious sin-town side by side with the biggest NATO camp.

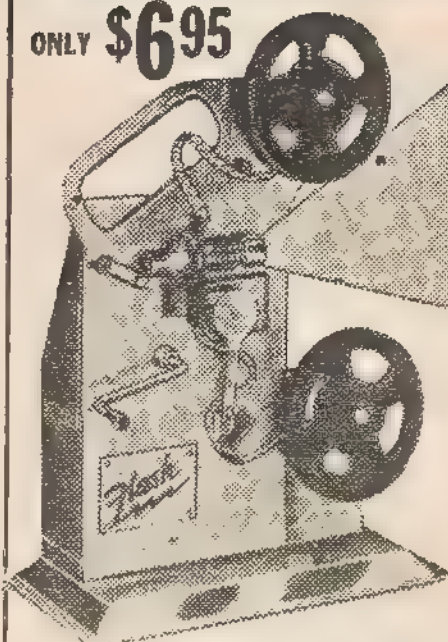
Said a colonel at the camp: "We are giving the boys everything they need for their bodies and souls. Bowling, for instance, and correspondence courses. We have no jurisdiction over the town. It would be impractical to place the whole neighborhood out of bounds. After all, a boy on a weekend pass needs a place where he can go."

It all began in 1951. Until then, Baumholder was a plum of the French army. Somehow French soldiers proved easier to handle, and no wonder: their discipline was stricter and their pay was so much lower. The franc could never buy what the dollar gets!

Still there was the need of something beyond bowling and correspon-

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dence courses—the age old need of girls. The French high command met the problem head on, in the traditional French manner. They established a string of supervised brothels to which the POILUS could repair whenever teased by the urge. It proved the ideal solution of a problem that is rampant wherever soldiers congregate.

The girls in those brothels were strictly supervised. Their fees were set by the military authorities, and no tipping was allowed. Army doctors examined the inmates twice a week. The town itself had those spots of shame hidden from sight. The townspeople simply ignored them as they tried to live their accustomed, philistine life.

Then, in 1951, the French suddenly left and NATO took over the huge drill grounds. They were soon filled with American troops, mostly boys in their late teens, smart in their uniforms, far away from the staid restrictions of their hometowns, their pockets bulging with dollars.

The situation changed overnight!

#### BROTHELS FOR BOYS

Virtually the first official act of the 8th Army command was to close down the "official" brothels. Camp Commandant East told a German reporter: "We simply cannot tolerate them. Our women at home would raise holy hell if they found out that we operated those brothels for the boys. Besides, there is the issue of civil liberties. We have to respect the civil rights, even of these prostitutes."

The abrupt closing of the brothels brought a sex wave in its wake. Groups of GIs literally invaded Baumholder and, in the words of an eyewitness from those days, "accosted every woman they met in the streets."

Dollar-flaunting soldier boys in mufti tried to foist themselves on the legitimate ladies of the town, literally begging them for "just a little love." There were cases of rape, most of them by mutual consent, no matter what the "victim" claimed afterwards.

The new need of Baumholder became widely known in circles interested in such news, and the demand was soon met by supply, as free-lancing prostitutes (most of them diseased and super-annuated) descended upon Baumholder in search of the Amis' dollar.

Then the news was picked up by the antennae of certain mysterious gents, waiting in ambush in Munich—and even beyond the borders of Germany, in Zurich, Switzerland—to capitalize on the rampant need.

Who were these faceless gents?

The first organization of this kind was born in a displaced persons camp near Schlachtensee. In the beginning, it was engaged chiefly in the peddling of contraband goods, bought from wayward GIs—coffee, cigarets, chocolate, nylon hose, contraceptives, to mention only a few of the more popular items on the black market.

The illicit trade was especially brisk in dollars.

The boom of their trade enabled the "organization" to move out of the DP camp and establish itself in style in a string of suburban villas near Munich.

The Bavarian capital soon became the center of these activities. On Moehl Street in Munich, for instance, the "organization" ran Europe's biggest black market in foreign currencies, raking in enormous profits. But the "organization" was still loosely organized. It was a free-for-all, with shadowy figures everywhere whose greed seemed to be insatiable.

Gradually, more powerful individuals sneaked onto the scene. They were led by a mysterious stranger whose exact identity is still unknown today. Under his leadership, the Syndicate was born, with headquarters in Zurich, Switzerland.

It was like an octopus. Its tentacles reached from Southern Italy to Scandinavia, from the Free World to behind the Iron Curtain.

#### AMERICAN STYLE

The Syndicate handled everything. It monopolized the old black market with its contraband goods. It peddled narcotic drugs. It virtually cornered this part of the liquor market, especially in areas close to American military establishments. The system was simple. The Syndicate took over old bars and opened a string of new ones. Everything was highly "Americanized," reminding of "home"—with neon lights reminiscent of Main Street, with juke boxes blaring out all the familiar tunes.

Then came the girls. The Syndicate extended its control to prostitution. Any girl who wanted to survive in this new order had to buckle down to the Syndicate and pay tribute.

This was the situation already in 1952, when those thousands of GIs arrived at Baumholder and went out on the little town, eager to paint it red.

As soon as the Syndicate heard of the town's new prosperity, it moved in, but only indirectly. Instead of taking a hand in the "development" of Baumholder's "entertainment industry," the Syndicate agreed merely to finance the bonanza, for a sub-

stantial share in the gross.

Anybody who decided to open a bar in Baumholder knew where to go in Munich or Zurich to get the money needed for the venture. They knew where to "rent" a juke box for the place and how to procure all the liquor needed to take care of the growing demand.

The Syndicate was in favor of free enterprise, but it was a favor that had a price tag on it. Representatives of the Syndicate bought up houses, and even barns, in town, then rented them at exorbitant rates to enterprising newcomers who wanted to turn them into bars.

The showcase of Baumholder is the Hotel Post, owned by the Bresius family for 200 years. Its big ballroom was rented to a couple of operators from Frankfurt, fronting for the Syndicate. And so, already in 1952, the first "American bar" came into being in Baumholder.

Called the Hawaii Bar, it is still there, the swankiest place in town, catering to the better type of clientele. Chicer than the rest, the Hawaii Bar operates along familiar lines. It employs nine B-girls (they are called ANIMIERDAMEN in Baumholder). Their job is to make the Amis drink as much as the traffic can bear.

Then came others—the Manhattan Bar, for instance, and the Bop-City Bar—and many more, all resplendent with American names, and selling the drinks Americans like—from straight Scotch to the various members of the Collins family.

Gambling started in back rooms. Junk pushers appeared among the customers. Baumholder was opening up real wide.

The Syndicate remained absent from the scene—except for a single phase of this combined operation. It retains ironclad control over "the girls" and, through them, over the most sordid features of this sin-town.

Take the case of the pretty brunette, for instance Renate Ladewig by name, known as Reni to her innumerable transient friends in Baumholder and places beyond. Today Reni is a permanent fixture of the town. A native of East Berlin, she fled from the Soviet zone, then worked her passage as best she could all the way to Frankfurt, where she got herself a job as a waitress in a crummy little cafe.

It was there that the Syndicate found her.

#### SEX SCOUT

The Syndicate reached out for Reni Ladewig in the person of a heavy-set, swarthy, round-faced, immaculately groomed, middle-aged man. Apparently he was only a guest in the cafe



where Reni worked.

In reality, he was there on a scouting expedition, one of the Syndicate's many talent scouts who recruit girls like Reni for Baumholder's foreign legion of babes.

Other scouts are busy elsewhere—in Italy, for example, in Denmark and Holland, but especially in Germany. They are after shiftless, young female refugees from behind the Iron Curtain—helpless Hungarians, scared Czechs, pretty little Poles. Such girls are the easiest to catch, for most of them have no place to go anyway, and many don't even have a roof over their heads.

Reni Ladewig was such a sitting duck for the Syndicate's scout.

"Like your job?" he asked her.

"So-so," she said, with a shrug of her round shoulders.

"How much do you make here?" the scout asked.

"Oh—300 to 400 marks a month, mostly from tips."

"That's ridiculous," the man feigned annoyance. "And a pretty girl like you! Would you like to make, let's say, a thousand marks?"

Visions of affluence suddenly flickered before Reni's hazel eyes. Beautiful dresses. A car of her own, maybe. A cosy, little room where she could dream her best Sunday dreams.

"Is it an offer?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well," the man said, "let's call it a possibility."

Then the deal was signed and sealed. Reni was caught in the dragnet of the Syndicate.

The man gave her a couple of hundred marks and a bus ticket to Baumholder. A few days later, Reni Ladewig arrived at her destination, keeping this smutty rendezvous with her special destiny. She was met at the bus by a Syndicate pimp and assigned promptly to one of the bars, as a B-girl to boost the consumption.

She was given her instructions—the ropes weren't too difficult to learn. "Your job is to separate the GIs from their money," the pimp told her with a ghoulish grin. "We call it 'delousing' here in Baumholder. Do you think you'll be good at 'delousing' those Amis?"

She was shown how to juggle the glasses at her table, to increase by such hocus pocus the number of drinks the hapless GIs had to pay for, even when they never consumed them in fact.

There were other tricks, too—the art of overturning a half-filled glass so the GI at the table had to buy another drink; the science of shaking a champagne bottle so that most of its contents fizzed on to the floor when its cork got popped.

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She was told how to coax the rank from her new friends, and how to adjust consumption to the pay scale of the American army.

Reni thus learned a lot—but it was knowledge useful only in Baumholder.

Girls like Reni form the resident contingent of Baumholder's B-girls. They represent a kind of aristocracy. But that mirage of beautiful dresses, or that cosy room, and of a car all her own remained exactly that. The 1000 marks she hoped to earn never seemed to accumulate.

Only a few girls, who star in bars as well as beds, ever make any real money in Baumholder. The competition is too tough!

On the first day of every month, in the dawn's early light, when payday in the NATO camp starts the hectic sin-cycle down in town, there is the "influx." From far and wide, hundreds of chippies flock to the little town for what's called the "road show." A few drive up in their own cars, but most of them come by busses that disgorge their human cargo with extra special runs.

#### THE "RABBIT RUN"

Then the fortnight orgy gets underway!

Usually there are some 700 to 800 girls in town for that booming fortnight, to take care of hundreds if not thousands of GIs. The turnover is fast. A familiar face quickly recedes, to be replaced by unfamiliar ones. There is no time for emotions or sentiments. This is strictly business. It's called the "rabbit run."

The set prices are low, but the fee isn't the only revenue these girls collect. The GI's usually get down to sex after tours of the bars which leave them mighty high and no longer with a firm control of their actions. The girls then help themselves to their wallets and often take their whole contents, which might amount to a hapless GI's whole monthly pay.

Anesthetized by the liquor, most of the boys just look on with a grin, hardly knowing what's going on.

The obscene orgy continues night after night. But by the 15th, the slump sets in. Only because by then there is hardly any money left in GI pockets to pay for this extravaganza.

No money, no fun! It's as simple and businesslike as that!

Baumholder's fabulous prosperity isn't built on the cuff.

After the 15th of each month, the bars become virtually deserted. Most of the dirty gambling rooms shutter up. The transient girls leave town, only to return again two weeks later,

to begin exactly where they left off.

A trip to Baumholder isn't a pleasant mission.

It isn't a faith-lifting experience to watch the 100 to 120 big, drunken brawls every night during those recurring two weeks of boom; to observe teams of MPs, patrolling the place in jeeps, as they collect nice American kids, their faces flushed with liquor and sin, from the ghastly gutters of Baumholder.

Hovering over the whole scene, like an ominous cloud floating high in an angry sky, is the Syndicate. It's the power behind all these sordid doings, the real force that makes Baumholder tick and carry on.

How long will conditions like these be allowed to continue?

Is the Syndicate really so powerful that no governmental or municipal authority can break its sway?

Why doesn't the regime in Bonn do something about Baumholder?

And what keeps the American authorities from cleaning up the mess?

In the final analysis, all observers agree that the MPs are doing a good job policing the boys under their jurisdiction; and that an educational drive up in the camp against the sin-traps of Baumholder reduced attendance by GIs downtown to an unavoidable, rock-bottom minimum.

But the real solution of the problem of Baumholder is beyond the powers of the NATO people in this big camp. This is a problem for the Baumholders to solve.

You can hear them from time to time, squeamishly protesting the degradation of their honorable town. You can see the two vice cops of Baumholder making a few token arrests once in a while. There are raids, too, but there aren't any teeth in them. The owners of these bars are virtually immune from persecution. And the city fathers actually dread the day when this fabulous bonanza might come to an end, reducing the tax revenue of the city, now counted in millions a year to what the citizens of Baumholder themselves will have to pay.

An irate observer who showed this reporter around, and pointed out the most glaring inequities of Baumholder, remarked:

"What the hell can you do? You can't just close down the town and ruin its pretty little racket! Maybe the only solution would be to move the NATO camp away from the outskirts of Baumholder.

"I bet you," he sighed, "the morning after there wouldn't be a bartender left to mix a phony Martini or a tart to tickle a GI chin. And you know

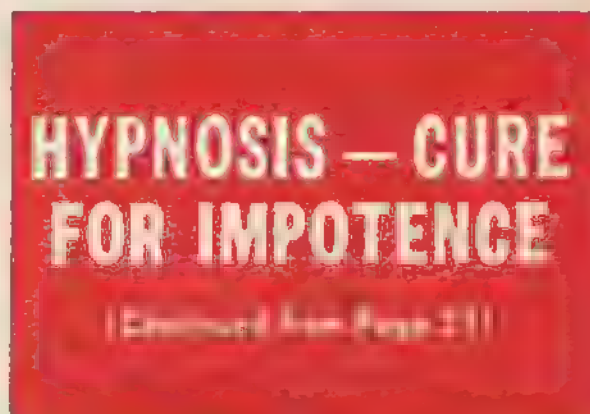
what? Baumholder would amply deserve such a fate.

"After all, Sodom and Gomorrah also had their day. But look what happened to them in the end!"

Perish the thought.

There must be a simpler way—other than by repeating biblical history—to end the Baumholder boom once and for all!

Only nobody in authority seems able to think of one.



with a passionate campus pervert who made him do all sorts of "things" he, in his own normal and prudish ways, regarded as wrong and immoral.

Under the impact of that strange experience, X soured on sex. He could not work up the feelings a man needs to qualify for intercourse.

In his hypnotic trance, X confessed his fears and misgivings, and supplied details of the experience that had left him sexually numb in body, though not in soul.

As soon as Dr. Kline had his clue, he brought Mr. X out of the hypnotic trance. At a following session he re-hypnotized him. The doctor then took X for a pleasurable ride on the magic carpet of somnambulant sex.

This new experience, under hypnosis, was projected into the future. X was married to the girl he loved and craved, and, in the privacy of their bedchamber, had all the sexual adventures he had dreaded because of the shock of his earlier experience.

They no longer scandalized him or filled him with prudish protest. His hypnosis-induced sex play was proper and prudent. For, in it, he was married to his sex partner — and anything goes in the marriage bed.

The treatment paid prompt dividends. Mr. X moved from hypnosis straight to the altar. And his wife has had no reason to complain about her husband's manly prowess.

#### POWER TO LOVE AGAIN

The case of young Mr. X points up one of the latest revelations of medical science — the effectiveness



of hypnosis, not merely for treating the symptoms of, but for actually curing, impotence in men and frigidity in women.

Hypnotic therapy is producing revolutionary results in every area of sex problems, even licking apparent sterility and what the medics call "habitual abortions" — miscarriages in the layman's language.

A woman coded "Mrs. W" in her case report, married for 10 years, had been pregnant four times during that decade, but never succeeded in carrying her condition to its familiar conclusion.

Deeply disturbed by her recurrent miscarriages, and sincerely anxious to bear a child of her own, Mrs. W took her plight to Dr. Abraham Weinberg, a distinguished Park Avenue specialist.

The doctor first sought to find the source of her affliction in physical causes. But a check-up showed that Mrs. W was a perfectly healthy woman in every respect, with no apparent physical reasons for her habitual abortions.

Dr. Weinberg then put her on hormone therapy, using the new progestine drugs that perform miracles in cases like this. But the drugs did not work on Mrs. W.

She was then kept in bed during pregnancy, but that did not work either.

In the end, Dr. Weinberg decided to resort to hypnosis. Under hypnosis Mrs. W revealed that her mother had died in child-birth and that she, herself, was frantic with fear that she would meet the same fate.

Keeping Mrs. W under hypnosis, the doctor suggested to her that she would give birth to her child without the slightest complications, and that she had no reason to be afraid of motherhood.

At the time of her treatment, Mrs. W was pregnant again. Thanks to the hypnotic therapy, she was delivered of a baby girl only a few months later.

Thus, using hypnosis as their major tool, doctors now score phenomenal victories in clearing up all sorts of sexual troubles. According to Dr. Lewis R. Welberg, medical director of the Post-Graduate Center for Psychotherapy, most people suffering from sexual problems are perfectly sane and sound in body and soul. But they have blocks in their minds that prevent them from living normal sex lives.

In the past, such blocks needed long and costly psychiatric treatment. Even then, conventional psychotherapy was not always successful in producing a cure. Aside from psy-



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chotherapy, all sorts of drugs were used (including massive hormone treatments prescribed by ethical medics and dangerous aphrodisiacs administered by reckless quacks). They, too, proved ineffectual in an alarming number of cases, while often causing serious side effects that aggravated the basic affliction.

Then hypnosis was tried!

It produced miracle cures that were both quick and satisfactory!

Already today, thousands of doctors have tens of thousands of case histories on file to show how properly applied hypnosis, under medical supervision, can lick sexual problems once and for all, actually in an estimated 90 percent of all cases.

This is a fantastic new wrinkle in sexology, if only because such problems are far more widespread than commonly realized.

## SEX CRIPPLES

Expert studies show that of 44,133,000 American white males in age groups ranging from 15 to 59 years — in what is generally regarded as the prime of life — some 17 million suffer from some degree of impotence.

According to competent gynecologists, frigidity is even more widespread in our female population. As a matter of fact, the Kinsey report showed that frigidity is so rampant that 80 percent of all American white females in their presumably best years suffer from it to a greater or lesser degree.

Sexual inabilities represent an urgent social, as well as a medical problem. They are of vast concern to adult men and women, since they will often wreck all hopes of marital happiness.

To be sure, impotence in particular can result from deformities left from certain diseases; from injuries; or the destruction of the whole of both testicles. But such, and similar, strictly physical disorders (which render intercourse painful, difficult or altogether impossible) are the exceptions to the rule.

Impotence can also be a secondary phenomenon, caused by drug addiction or alcoholism. Recent researches show that excessive smoking also has a debilitating influence on man's virility.

Impotence appears to be more common among intellectuals than manual workers. From this the medics deduce that intense mental concentration, even without obvious exhaustion, causes partial, temporary impotence.

As Dr. George Somerville, a distinguished British specialist, put it,

behind most impotence "there is almost invariably something amiss with the *mental* attitude either to sex itself or else to the particular individual of the opposite sex concerned. Closely allied to this mental attitude which has in it an element of distaste or disgust are *states of mind* in which there is present fear in some form — fear of venereal disease, fear of an unwanted pregnancy, fear of causing pain." Any of these can act as brakes on a man's potency.

A man (or woman) can be perfectly normal in his (or her) attitude to sex, but the attitude to a specific sexual partner may not be what it should be. A prominent New Yorker who was married to one of the celebrated beauties of high society proved incapable of sexual intercourse with his lovely wife. After innumerable trials and errors, he came to the conclusion that he was impotent.

But when, during a vacation in Europe, he became involved in a flaming affair with a pretty Parisienne, he turned out to be exceptionally potent. The couple then took their case to a psychiatrist who reluctantly advised them to sue for divorce. Analysis revealed that this husband, while in love with his wife, was repelled by her body. It was far too skinny for his taste. In his subconscious he came to associate her body with a skeleton, an association that resulted in macabre fantasies, depriving him of his virility when it was most needed if he wanted a normal sex life with his spouse.

After the divorce, both partners remarried, and there is now no trace of impotence or frigidity in their lives.

Cold women, who often helplessly watch their otherwise happy marriages wrecked by their frigidity, sometimes blossom out as regular passion flowers when married to other men.

Unsatisfactory attitudes to sexual partners may be due to a variety of causes. The affections may be subconsciously (or, indeed, consciously) fixed upon some other individuals; or there may be a feeling of inferiority, not necessarily in sexual matters, but redounding to the sexual disadvantage or at least discomfort of the partners.

The treatment of impotence and frigidity used to be abandoned to physicians who frequently enlisted the aid of psychiatrists. But despite a growing preoccupation with the problem, and a steady increase in the number of cases actually under treatment, not much progress was made — until hypnotic therapy came to be

applied.

Such treatments were first used — somewhat haphazardly — outside the medical profession, by hypnotists. Lacking medical training and a rounded knowledge of all the factors involved, treatment by these men involved risks even when it appeared to be successful in dealing with the affliction.

More recently, qualified medical men entered the field and hypnotic therapy became an accepted technique of the medical profession.

Hypnosis is one of the mysterious phenomena connected with the human mind. It is a special form of sleep induced by an "operator" who suggests the idea of sleep in various ways.

The so-called hypnotic state has three distinctly separate phases which, when the hypnosis is properly handled, merge into each other.

The first is that of trance (catalepsy), in which the limbs, though rigid, may be moulded at the will of the "operator."

The second is that of lethargy, in which the whole body appears placid and the patient unconscious.

The third phase is artificial somnambulism, in which the patient is extremely susceptible to suggestion.

For a long time, hypnosis was generally regarded as a vaudeville trick. It was actually frowned upon by the medical profession, even as an off-beat accessory to other therapies.

It came into its own some 60 years ago, first in France, then in Vienna. In Paris, it was used by Drs. Charcot and Janet for the investigation and then the treatment of hysteria. In Vienna, Dr. Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, elaborated on Charcot's methods and developed a hypnotic method, not merely for the investigation, but actually for the cure of hysteria.

In Freud's expert hands, hypnosis proved highly successful in demonstrating the emotional basis of hysteria (morbid emotionalism that manifests itself in paroxysms of laughing and crying alternately, in abnormal excitement, and other nervous affections).

Using hypnosis as his probing tool, Freud proved that hysteria resulted from a conflict between the libido and sexual repression, converting psychic into physical manifestations.

In this country, hypnosis was rarely used by accredited medics, until remarkable incidents outside the medical profession made it impossible to ignore it any longer. Among the trail-blazing pioneers who did experiments with hypnosis in their medical



practice, one of the best known was the late Dr. E. I. Lederman of Baltimore, Md. He scored impressive results with it in his own specialty, anesthesiology.

Later it was used as a pain-killer, mostly in child-birth, and for the treatment of certain social diseases — such as alcoholism. A few doctors applied it in the treatment of obesity, successfully "persuading" their overweight patients to eat less.

A few years ago, the American Medical Association decided at last to make the medical application of hypnosis the subject of a thorough scrutiny. The AMA appointed a special Committee on Hypnosis, and named Dr. Samuel G. Weber, a prominent psychiatrist, to head the study group, with members representing both the pros and the cons.

Their report was presented at the 1960 convention of the AMA, when thousands of doctors from all over the United States gathered in Atlantic City, N. J., to hear the latest findings in medicine.

The Weber committee's report on hypnosis proved the high point of the convention. "On the muggy afternoon," a reporter wrote, "that a panel of physicians and psychiatrists discussed the uses of hypnosis in medicine, there was standing room only in the large auditorium."

The committee approved hypnotic therapy as a psychiatric technique virtually without reservations, provided that it was handled by competent physicians, not necessarily psychiatrists. After that, medical hypnosis was accepted enthusiastically by the whole profession. Today it is estimated that more than 10,000 doctors, dentists and psychologists use hypnotic technique in their daily practice.

Such hypnotic therapy provides the doctor with an invaluable new tool. It enables him to penetrate to his patient's subconscious — "to dispel fear, reject disturbing thoughts, revamp attitudes, control desires, nourish hope."

In the somnambulist phase of hypnosis, the patient may be made to perform actions which were impossible to him in his waking state. He may be enabled to remember incidents which previously were beyond recall. Hidden or repressed memories may be discovered in this way.

Suggestions given in the hypnotic state are carried out subsequently when awake, but without any memory of the hypnotic command.

Today, medical hypnosis opens exciting new vistas and offers a new therapeutic approach to a number of

ailments which heretofore defied treatment and cure.

Thus hypnosis is now used in the treatment of high blood pressure and for the cure of several skin ailments. It was found that it is effective in the elimination of warts — in actual fact, they can be simply hypnotized away.

More and more, hypnosis is used as a non-metabolic pain-killer — in minor surgeries and in child-birth. It was found to be extremely potent in the treatment of both alcoholism and obesity, when suggestions play an overwhelmingly important role in therapy.

But medical hypnosis is probably most effective in what can be called sexual rehabilitation — in breaking down the barriers that block proper and normal attitudes to sex.

Any person who discovers in himself or herself symptoms of impotence or frigidity now has an invaluable helper in the medical hypnotist, the physician who will attack the problem with hypnosis and most likely solve it to the patients' complete satisfaction.

With the rapid spread of medical hypnosis — and, especially, with suspicions still remaining that used to mitigate against the technique — the question naturally arises:

Is hypnosis safe? Are there any risks involved in its use?

The AMA's Committee on Hypnosis proved to the profession's complete satisfaction that "hypnotic therapy in skilled hands is not only one of the most effective but also one of the safest procedures in medicine." It can be stated unequivocally that it carries "a minimum of risk to the patient."

The acceptance of hypnosis as a proper medical procedure is creating a revolution, not only in the treatment of many ailments, but also in medical education. Concurrent with its acceptance of hypnosis, the American Medical Association resolved that hypnotic techniques be introduced into the curriculum in medical schools throughout the United States.

Thousands of established physicians are now taking post-graduate courses in hypnotism. And a new generation of medics is leaving school, fully trained in the use of this miraculous medical tool.

With hypnosis becoming an accepted and widely practiced therapy for the treatment and cure of impotence and frigidity, innumerable marriages will be saved, and happiness will be restored to countless men and women who feared they would have to live out their lives as incurable sexual cripples.



homos who peddle a twisted brand of wrong-way sex in an effort to lure new recruits into the growing ranks of potential fags.

As another public service, in an effort to alert the public to the menace of these bubble-boy mags, HUSH-HUSH is exposing these "exposed" queers in their most indecent exposure to date.

Just dig this drivel.

On the title page of MANORAMA the editors coyly confess: "MANORAMA does not consider itself a body builder's magazine, although it is directed to the body builder as a source of inspiration . . ."

Inspiration is right!

And what could be more inspiring to the queery-dreary darlings than the photo of a grinning bare-chested cutie snapped in the act of unzipping his pants.

Talk about inspiration!

"Have you seen our hat department, sir?" is the coy caption under the photo of a burly model in a yacht-ing cap, a jock strap and nothing else.

No caption is necessary for the boys in purple underwear to get the message in the photo of a downy-cheeked lad stepping out of his trousers. The pose is such a complete and absolute mockery of the bustiful beauty queen slipping out of her bikini for one of the girly mags, that you just wouldn't believe it.

And what could be chummier than the trio of queens—bare-faced, bare-bottomed, all naked and a yard wide—poised for take-off on a motorcycle?

The essentials of manhood (this is manhood?) are hidden behind the bike's handlebars, except for one silly swish who has his hidden behind a pair of leather cycle gloves.

You might say motorcycling is an athletic sport. So what could be healthier than cycling in the raw to the boys with the mangled morals?

You think this is disgusting? Getting slightly nauseated?

Don't blame you a damm bit.

But . . .

IT GETS WORSE.

TRIM is possibly the worst of the lot. Don't think it's easy to nominate a candidate for "Worst." They are all so completely vile. But TRIM isn't sat-



isfied just to feature a lot of muscle-bound melon heads in queer contortions.

TRIM readers get their kicks out of little boys. And the younger the better.

These are the Lolitas of the lispig set.

On page 4 and 5 of a recent issue is a dimpled, downy-cheeked darling who looks like he ought to be reading comic books or doing his algebra homework instead of playing peek-a-boo with a towel a la Brigitte Bardot.

And the tousled teen-ager on page 11 looks exactly like Tom Sawyer in a cowboy hat and sucking on a straw—except that his jeans are half unzipped.

The pose on page 12 is familiar. The pouting-lipped, heavy-eyed creature shimmying out of a T-shirt so provocatively. You've seen that come-on hundreds of times in the girly magazines.

Only this drooling doll is a fella (that's what they tell us, anyway!)

#### PIX FOR PANSIES

If this one shot isn't enough to get the pansy's panting, don't despair, dearies. Six more 8 x 10 glossys are available for only 10 bucks—according to the ad on page 43 which promises: "These studies are highest quality prints on the finest papers available for the art collections of the most discerning collectors, are lovers and artists."

And this is the big payoff.

The dirty, stinking pay off.

What the photos promise, the ads deliver.

If you aren't urping already, hold on!

The backs of these magazines are crammed with passionate propositions. Under the outright phony guise of "art," "culture," and "decoration" the muck merchants are offering photographed flesh for sale.

Don't breathe too hard, boys, you'll wear out the picture!

Catalogs, 4 x 5's, 8 x 10's, movies, playlets—in short, the works.

And most shocking of all . . .

Catalog 17 featuring "21 poses" of Ernie Niemi—"14 years young."

Imagine! Only 14 years old!

A slender, curly-haired blond kid—and, somehow, someone has him hooked into the most sickening, sordid, sex-stinking cesspool in history!

You'd think these bare-bottomed lads might be the slightest bit embarrassed to be trapped by the camera in such passion-packed poses.

Not on your life!

Most of them wear expressions of sheer bliss. Some of them look like

they've just been caught licking a popsicle.

#### THIS IS BODY-BUILDING?

Let's see. What have we here in **MAN-IFIQUE**'s May issue? Here is this guy flinging around a fish net in hip-high leather boots and bare bottom.

The uniform is guaranteed to delight every sado-masochist in the country—those creeps that like to punish their victims with indescribable devices to achieve their sex-mad gratification.

The guy may be angling, all right—but not for trout. This is fishing?

**MAN-IFIQUE** features the international limp wrist set—exotic queens from around the world with plucked eyebrows and flaring nostrils. "Art" is the come-on.

By art, the editors must be referring to such painting as the reprint of the jacket cover for the well-known "Giovanni's Room," featuring two panting pansys with a bottle of booze on the table and a mussed up mattress in the background.

The orgiastic photos in **MAN-IFIQUE** would put Jayne Mansfield to shame for sheer grace and provocation—or even Joe Mansfield, whoever he is. But the real art work is in the pencilled-in g-string supplied by the editors to hide a few little incidentals that might otherwise keep these ghastly publications out of the market.

One French lad is shown sprawled on the grass in a hairdo he must have filched from Brigitte Bardot. Another muscled cutie wears a ribbon of netting around his loins above a caption, "Please, Please, Don't Miss These!"

#### HI FI-NANCE

But the dimpled darlings of **MAN-IFIQUE** are only the sample, the lure to get the swishy-swashy set to send for "24 uninhibited and very gay studies in home, studio and shower! Only \$5 air mail."

How the hell this garbage gets through the mail without setting half-a-dozen post offices on fire, we'll never know.

But someone must be lapping up "art" like "The Thieving Cowboy," a masterpiece **MAN-IFIQUE** offers on page 36. Here is a sizzling scene of leather boots and brass-studded jackets flying open over bare chests—boys abusing boys in the most sordid way.

And what about the guy on Page 14 of **FIZEEK**. His g-string hides the very, very essentials of his physique and leaves nothing to the imagination with its raw display of pubic hair.

"Appealing" is the magazine's cap-

tion for the passionate pansy stretched across the floor wearing nothing but a tatoo that says "Mom." It is a pose calculated to excite the lispig lads to drop their lingerie in sheer delight. And the same simpering sweetie is shown two pages later, hugging a pillar!

The swish set even has its bubble bath queens—including one long-haired doll with a spit curl on his cheek. Instead of bubbles, however, the freak is smeared with lather from chest to where the bathtub censors the view.

Turn to page 65 of **FIZEEK** and you might think you've spotted Debbie Reynolds in the raw. Wow! Well, raw it is but it isn't Debbie. Look a little closer at the wasp-waist lovely in the sailor hat and you'll see "she" is a "he" or whatever they call "it"—poised gracefully on a ladder, foot arched like something right out of a girly magazine.

Only **FIZEEK** isn't content just to tell a little "fairy" tale.

It has a very special message for another species of sicknik. The message bearer is a naked he-man poised with a horsewhip—more food for the very special pervert who loves to be beaten and punished as he crawls on his knees toward the delight of the evening.

Horsewhips are child's play for **PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL**. Boots and swords are the playthings here. And the models must be bored with g-strings because they turn up with those essential areas hidden behind big red valentines or chrome hub caps.

The cover is your first clue—it features a quivering queer leaping out of a cellophane-wrapped Christmas package, a sprig of mistletoe dangling from his g-string.

**PHYSIQUE PICTORIAL** features lurid stills copped from its own home movies and coyly confesses that "Jewel Thief," a sin-ematic masterpiece of prancing pansys in outlandish getup complete with handcuffs and chains, is "our worst picture to date."

Page 9 shows a naughty, nutty excerpt of "Muscles from Outer Space," a tug-and-tussle muscle bit. If the

model's get-up is any sample, then Fags from Mars will be flying around space with radio speakers for their G-strings—and a little knob right in the middle.

bathtub and wrinkled sheets—yards **ALL-AROUND FAGS**

The rag reeks of Queersville—cuddling sailors, wacky wrestling duos, bull whips, chains, cozy kitchen scenes, camaraderie in the shower and

(Continued on Page 64)



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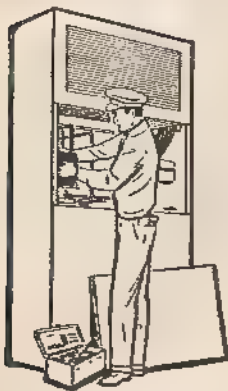
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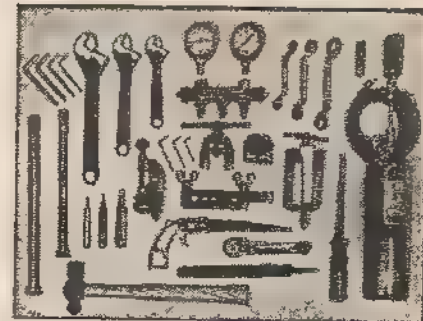


### Many CTI graduates go in business



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### Many students earn cash as they train

The average CTI student is eager to put his skill to profitable work, on a part-time basis. Though most students prefer to tie up with local dealers and repair establishments, a surprising number are independents. The extra cash helps meet training cost. Often there's enough to bank, or invest in more equipment.



### Letters prove efficiency of training



"I have a business of my own servicing domestic and commercial refrigerators."—*Paul Humphrey, Colo.* "I made \$1,000 while training, and am now a refrigeration man for a dairy."—*Giles Minton, N. C.* "I opened a little shop and am swamped with work."—*Charles Corley, Kan.* "Doing service work on a part-time basis the past 10 months, I earned \$2,400. Have a nice business."—*Renos Johnson, Ind.* "My firm advanced me to field superintendent."—*Milburn Dougan, Ark.* You can do as well as these graduates!



and yards of wrinkled sheets.

The brazen come-out-into-the-open of these "Third Sex Boys" is absolutely alarming. As long as the homos were restricted to their own inner circle it was one thing.

But now that they promote their strange sex-mad orgies openly in the fantastic pictures, ads and comments of these perverted pictorials, the question arises—

**HOW FAR CAN THEY GO?**

**HOW MUCH OF THIS STUFF CAN THEY PULL TO STINK UP AMERICAN SOCIETY?**

Apparently there is no limit.

Homosexuals no longer hide their "otherness" as they used to before World War II. During the last 12 or 15 years, they have come out into the open, and now they actually parade their "affliction," responding to the traditional hostility of the outside world with a truculent, defiant, aggressive antagonism of their own.

Homosexuals are banded together in their own secret societies and fraternal orders. They have formed an underground movement, a defense association. They have literary and artistic cliques, and even their own vigilante groups, which are waging a spirited campaign against the "squares."

How bold they have become in flaunting their "oneness", as they call it, is shown by the fact that homosexuals are now publishing their own guides, in which they list various organizations and publications. Anybody interested in becoming a "homo-joiner" can obtain a copy of the guide for \$3 and learn from it all the places to which he can take his perverted passion, with mutual satisfaction guaranteed.

This bold display of homosexuality is called "camp," a word used both as a noun and verb. The leader is called "queen," while an older deviate is called "mother."

Those who go in for wearing the clothing of the opposite sex "go in drag" and stage their own "drag parties." They call lesbians "dikes," and the aggressive one of a lesbian pair "bull-dike" or "butch."

The non-homosexual majority are called "straights" or "squares." The homos themselves are sensitive about what they are called. They dislike the words "homo," "fairy," "fag," "nance," "fruit," "pansy," "queer," and others by which a hostile world refers to them.

They call themselves "gay," using the word as an adjective, also as a noun. In their own cockeyed lingo "he" means "she," and "she" means "he," to further accentuate the negative in their mixed-up world.

In former days, homos not only tried to shrink like violets, but also tried to mask or suppress the outside marks which gave them away as homosexuals. This has changed, too, and today a majority of homos have no qualms about displaying their obviously "different" outward characteristics.

They display obvious characteristics to make themselves known to other homos and to attract their attention.

Today's homosexual fraternity has become a sort of missionary society, in which practicing homos literally encourage their latent brethren to join the big club.

The purpose of their recruiting campaign is the belief that the more people there are who do as they do, the better off they themselves will be. Their hangouts are now not only places where they themselves can congregate, but breeding grounds for more and more homosexuality.

They are out to infiltrate all-male institutions like the Army, Navy, and boys' schools, and they deliberately ensnare "candidates" to join the fraternity. Decoys are widespread in these places, where "mission" is to get a borderline case into the fraternity, by seducing him and forcing him to join once he has been compromised.

The scouts even try to initiate "normal" people into the rites of homosexuality. Formerly, homosexual practices represented a scourge confined to those who happened to be homos themselves, today it is far more than just a perversion.

## A NATIONAL DISGRACE

Homos represent special problems in Las Vegas (where, of all VD cases treated at the city clinic in a single year, 75% turned out to be homosexuals!), in New York City, Philadelphia, Detroit and Atlanta, Georgia. New York City is now estimated to harbor between 100,000 and half a million deviates, and other cities have a proportionate percentage.

There are no valid statistics to show the influence of increased homosexuality on increased crime rates. But police authorities of Los Angeles and San Francisco see a definite connection between the two.

Among others, three unsolved murders in a period of only four months in New York City can definitely be traced to a congregation of homos along a strip of Third Avenue, from 45th Street to 57th Street known as "Lost Weekend Avenue."

These are the homosexual prostitutes who now roam certain city streets and populate the parks around mid-

night when the gay set goes on its nocturnal binge.

In New York City, whole sections of the town are "taken over" by the homos in the wee hours of the morning. Hundreds of "fags" can be seen soliciting along the gay stretch from Columbus Circle up Central Park West to 72nd Street. They sit, in spring and summer, on the benches, singly or in groups, giggling and waiting hopefully. They usually adopt the dark side of the street as their own territory.

Further downtown, in Greenwich Village, more hordes of queers can be found, the sophisticated among them roaming up Second and Third Avenues and visiting the plush bistros.

The sight is not a pleasant one, but cops often look the other way. They don't want to become involved. Yet, many of these night-prowling homos are blatantly made up with lipstick, rouge and powder! Occasionally the cops stage raids, but soon thereafter the fags are back again.

One of the most degraded areas in New York City is the block on 42nd Street between Broadway and 8th Avenue. This is the hunting ground for young boys looking for the fast buck that can be made out of male prostitution.

Here you can find kids between 12 and 14 years of age, their faces heavily plastered with rouge and lipstick, hanging around the neon-spangled movie houses, waiting to be picked up by perverts. "Dressed to kill," these misguided youngsters will invest in the price of a movie in order to prowl from seat to seat in search of a customer. Usually they are loaded with money.



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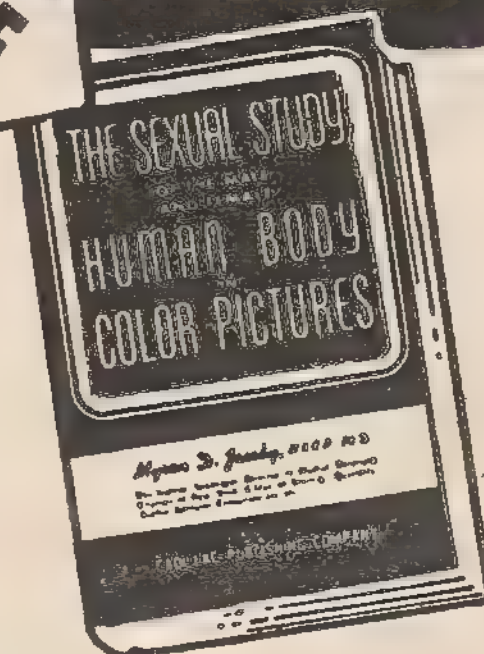
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Friends, Anything From  
REAL LIFE—Like An Artist...  
Even if You CAN'T DRAW  
A Straight Line!**

**Anyone can Draw With This  
Amazing New Invention—  
Instantly!**



De Luxe Model  
Complete for only

**\$1.98**

—With extra  
high power,  
extra clear and  
sharp "repro-  
ducer" unit.

### A New Hobby Gives You A Brand New Interest!

Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now—the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! An unlimited variety and amount of drawings can be made. Art is admired and respected by everyone. Most hobbies are expensive, but drawing costs very little, just some inexpensive paper, pencils, crayons, or paint. No costly upkeep, nothing to wear out, no parts to replace. It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet of paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil... and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. No guesswork, no judging sizes and shapes! Reproduces black and white and actual colors for paintings.

**Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish.**

Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc.—indoors or outdoors! Light and compact to be taken wherever you wish. No other lessons or practice or talent needed! You'll be proud to frame your original drawings for a more distinctive touch to your home. Give them to friends as gifts that are "different," appreciated.

Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

## FREE!

"How to Easily Draw  
Artists' Models"

This valuable illustrated guide is yours free with order of "Magic Art Reproducer." Packed with pictures showing all the basic poses of artists' models with simple instruction for beginners of art. Includes guidance on anatomy, techniques and figure action.



**NORTON PRODUCTS**

**SEND NO MONEY!  
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Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery \$1.98 plus postage. Or send only \$1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

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# FIGURE SLIMMER

**NOW** OFFERED FOR THE FIRST TIME

## THE NEW FIGURE SLIMMER COMBINATION ADJUSTABLE WAIST AND ABDOMINAL LEVELER

Now reduce that waist and abdominal bulging look instantly. Figure Slimmer pushes back in the droopy bulging abdominal protuberance and lets you take in your waistline and do away with flabby midriff look instantly. Look at the picture and see how it works.

### SLENDERIZES BOTH ABDOMEN AND WAIST

Figure-Slimmer corrects the faults of other garments. Some hold in the stomach but push out the waist. Figure Slimmer slenderizes both the waist and abdominal appearance at the same time. You will look inches slimmer and feel wonderful.

### HOLDS BACK TOGETHER

Figure Slimmer is wonderful for that falling-apart back feeling. It's firm, gentle compressing action makes you feel good and secure and enables you to continue to do your daily work feeling less tired, less broken down. Send for Figure Slimmer now and begin enjoying a figure-slimmed appearance at once.

### APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER—LOOK BETTER

Don't let a heavy weighing-down "corporation" and a balloon waistline get you down. Figure Slimmer flattens your front and takes in inches of your appearance. Clothes will look well on you now!

### ADJUSTABLE

Figure Slimmer's adjustable feature makes it easy for you to have a small waistline look. Trousers now look good and fit swell. You can take yourself in more inches if you wish, with this novel adjustable feature.

## TRY 10 DAYS SEND NO MONEY

You need risk no money to try Figure Slimmer. Just fill out the coupon and we will rush you the Figure Slimmer by return mail. Wear it ten days. Then if you are not satisfied with the results you had expected return it and the full purchase price will be refunded. Mail coupon now.

Only \$3.49 for waist sizes up to 45. \$3.98 for waist sizes 46 and up. All sizes include crotch piece.



**WARD GREEN COMPANY, Dept. JP-389**  
43 W. 61st St., N.Y. 23, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Rush for ten days approval the new Figure Slimmer. After wearing for ten days I can return it for full refund of purchase price if not completely satisfied with results.

Check one:

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☐ I enclose \$3.49. Send it prepaid. (\$3.98 for waist sizes 46 and up.)  
EXTRA crotch pieces—50¢ ea.

My waist measure is \_\_\_\_\_ inches

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

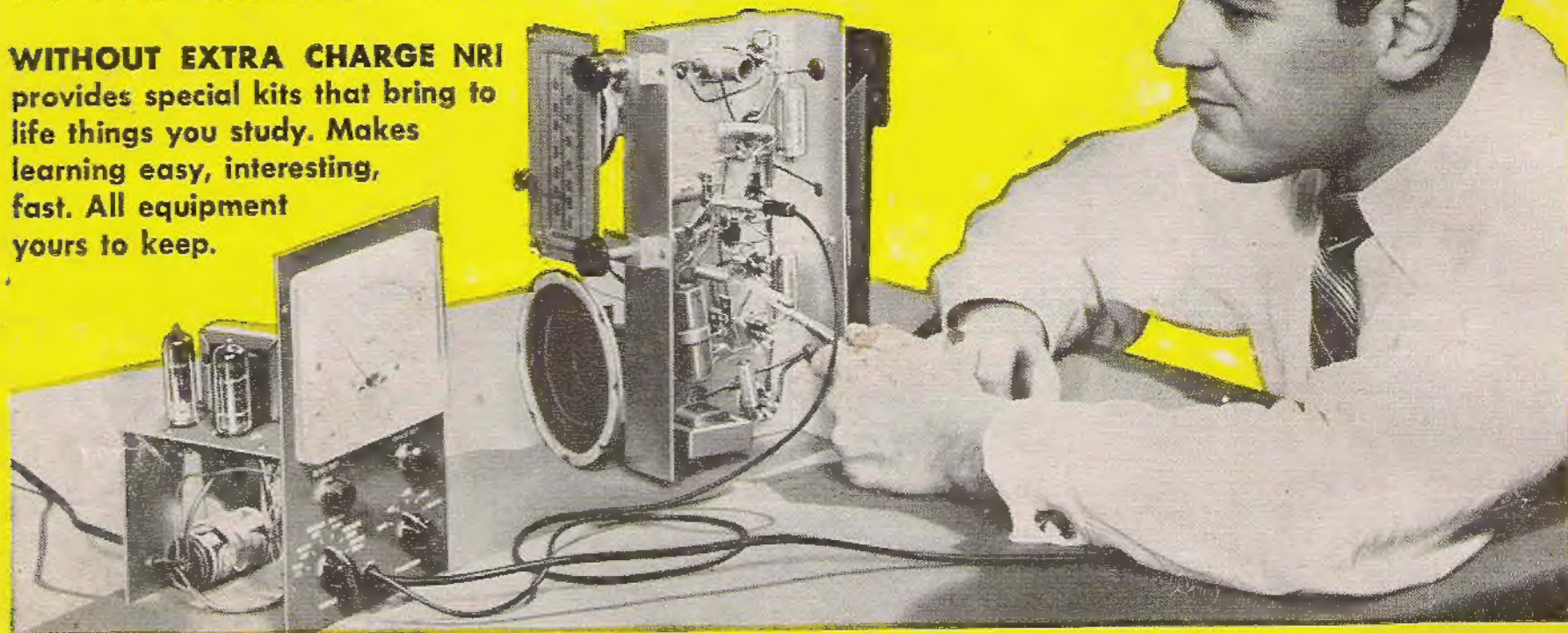
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Earn while you learn. Soon after enrolling, NRI shows you how to earn \$10, \$15 a week and more extra in spare time fixing sets. Helps pay for training. Buys extra luxuries. Mail postage-free card today for *free 64-page catalog*. Read success stories. See equipment you get. Find out about 60-day trial enrollment offer. Convenient monthly terms. National Radio Institute, Washington 16, D. C. Dept. 1HW6.

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### NRI Trained These MEN for Success



**OWN BUSINESS** When I graduated I was working in a textile factory trying to make ends meet. Now I own one of the most modern Television Radio service shops in this section. **ARGIE C. TAYLOR**, Glasgow, Ky.



**BROADCASTING** After graduating I was a ship-board radio operator. At present I am chief engineer of Station WARA. The NRI Course was a wonderful foundation for me. **RAYMOND D. ARNOLD**, Attleboro, Mass.



**INDUSTRIAL** Four months after starting your course I left my job in a hardware store to work at Raytheon Manufacturing. Now, 3½ years later, I am an engineering assistant in Microwave Power Tube Research and Development Laboratory. Choosing your course was the turning point of my career. **LEONARD J. BLOOM**, Newton Centre, Mass.

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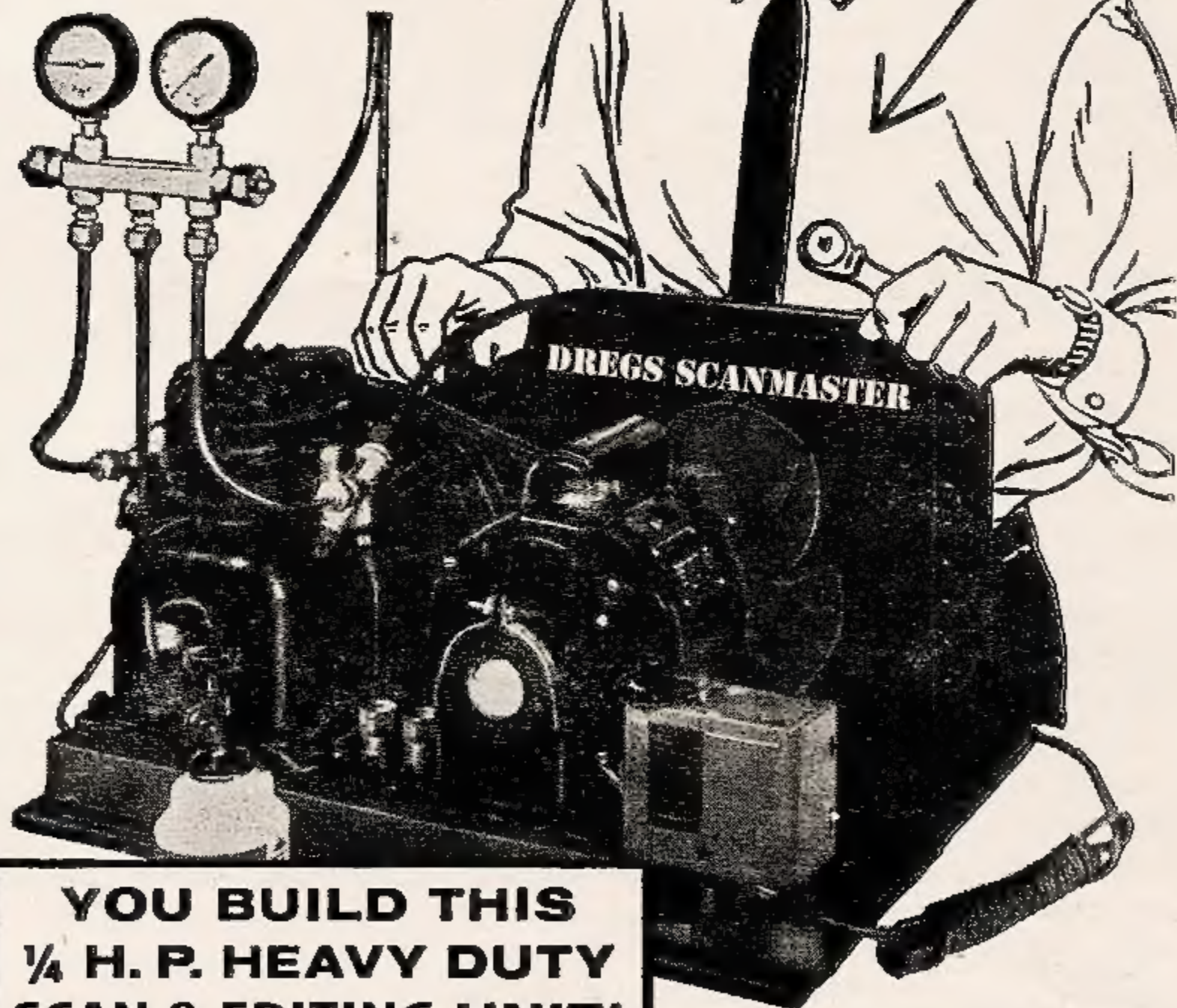


# How to 'take charge' of a nighly-paid job in Magazine Scanning and Editing

Are you interested in a better job, big money and a secure future? Do you prefer work that is interesting, a challenge to your imagination, and loaded with opportunities to go in business for yourself? Then why not consider a career as mechanic or technician in the Magazine Scanning and Editing Industry!

You see, old magazine scanning is now America's finest opportunity field. The government reports that during the past 12 years, production increased 400%. *No other industry did better!* The fact is, 8,200,000 domestic and industrial units are produced annually. Already 150,000,000 are in use. Experts say that 20,000 technicians must be trained each year to match industry growth! You can qualify for a *No-pay* job. How? *Train at home in spare time.* The CTI method is easy, practical and resultful. Quick, too. For full information, *mail coupon below.*

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at home  
with real  
equipment



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